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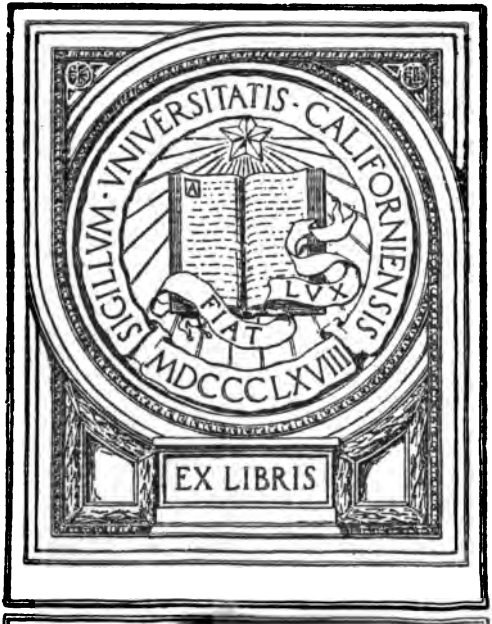

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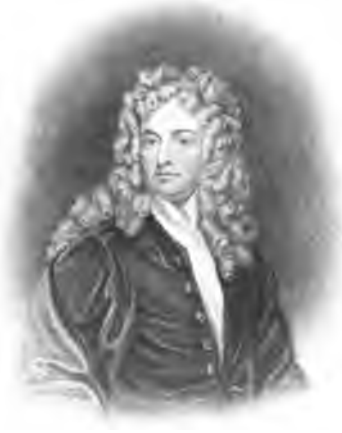

JOSEPH ADDISON

MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON

ADDISON

EDITED AND ANNOTATED

BY

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PREFATORY NOTE

THE essay contained in this volume forms a part of the course prescribed by the Joint Committee on English Requirements for admission to college. While it can hardly be rated as the greatest of Macaulay's essays, there are few, if any, which present a richer field for investigation and study. The student will need to have encyclopædia and dictionaries constantly at hand, and even then he will probably find some allusions and references which will baffle his most patient effort.

In the preparation of the notes the fact has been recognized that many students must take up this work without the necessary reference books; therefore the allusions have been explained much more fully than would otherwise be necessary.

Where it is possible, the student should not depend on the notes for his information, but should look up the references for himself. Much interesting information will be secured, and valuable habits of investigation will be formed by a careful, independent, and exhaustive study of this masterpiece.

INTRODUCTION

In the preparation of the following introductory matter an effort has been made to present only that which will be available and useful to the average student. Critical analyses and discussions have been studiously avoided.

Generally the introduction to a work of this class is carefully skipped by students, and sometimes, no doubt, wisely. Yet there is a certain kind and amount of introductory work which needs to be done in order to prepare the way for the proper study of any author, and it is hoped that the following pages will not altogether fail to meet this necessity.

"His heart was pure and simple as a child's
Unbreathed on by the world: in friendship warm,
Confiding, generous, constant; and now
He ranks among the great ones of the earth,
And hath achieved such glory as will last
To future generations." — *Moultrie.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, the son of Zachary and Selina Mills Macaulay, was born at Rothley Temple, October 25, 1800. His father, a man of strict principles and stern and unyielding integrity, was associated with Wilberforce in his anti-slavery agitation, and spent the larger part of his life in works of charity and philanthropy.

Young Macaulay was a child of such marked maturity of thought and expression that he became noted among the friends of the family for his quaintness and precocity, yet his nature was so frank and wholesome that he escaped the slightest taint of priggishness. Those qualities of person and mind which were marked in his later years appeared very early in life and developed rapidly.

"Madame, the agony has already begun to abate," was the answer of the four-year-old boy to the solicitous inquiry of a lady, when a careless servant spilled some hot coffee on his legs. Not long afterwards he edified a group of visitors in the drawing-room by walking into the room and exclaiming:

"Cursed be Sallie; for it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark.'" This scriptural malediction was directed against a serving-

maid who had removed a row of oyster shells with which he had marked out the limits of his playground.

He early formed the habit of holding a piece of bread and butter in his hand, from which he would occasionally take a bite, when he was engaged in study. His mother one day told him he must break up the habit. "Yes, mamma," he replied, "industry shall be my bread and attention my butter."

At the age of eight he had covered a wide range of reading, and had accumulated a large store of knowledge, which his wonderfully retentive memory enabled him to use with considerable facility and force. He soon became accustomed to express his thoughts in both prose and poetry. His marvellously fertile mind began to pour forth its treasures at an age when the average child has not yet learned even to read; and though his earlier productions have not been deemed worthy of preservation, they gave abundant promise of the maturer work with which he was destined to enrich literature for all time.

One of his productions was a paper which was intended to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion, of which his mother says: "On reading it, I found it to contain a very clear idea of the leading facts and doctrines of that religion, with some strong arguments for its adoption. Heroic poems, epics, odes, and histories flowed from his

pen like waters from a mountain spring; and while they were often crude and boyish, they were the spontaneous expressions of a mind which was rapidly growing into a consciousness of its own productive power."

His elementary education was secured at a small private school near Cambridge, where his individual peculiarities were allowed much freedom in their development, yet with sufficient guidance to coördinate them wisely. At the age of thirteen he wrote:

"The books which I am at present employed in reading to myself are, in English, Plutarch's Lives and Milner's Ecclesiastical History; in French, Fénelon's Dialogues of the Dead. I shall send you back the volumes of Madame de Genlis's *petit romans* as soon as possible, and should be very much obliged for one or two more of them."

He also formed a taste for fiction, which he read with such eagerness that very few novels in the English language escaped his eye.

Notwithstanding his literary tastes and his absorption in his reading and studies, he never allowed school duties to encroach upon his love of home and friends, or to reconcile him to his "exile." At the beginning of his second half-year at school he writes to his mother:

"My spirits are far more depressed by leaving home than they were last half-year. Everything brings

home to my recollection. You told me I should be happy when I once came here, but not an hour passes in which I do not shed tears at thinking of home."

His biographer gives an illustration of his wonderful memory, which is referred to this period. While sitting in a Cambridge coffee-house he picked up a paper and read two poetical effusions which were printed in it, one called "Reflections of an Exile," and the other a parody on a Welsh ballad. He looked them once through, and his mind did not recur to them again for forty years, at the end of which period he was able to repeat them without changing a word. Joined with these retentive powers was the ability to assimilate the contents of a printed page almost at a glance. He would read a whole book while the average reader would be covering a chapter. Nor was this merely "skimming," as he could always repeat the substance of the book from memory afterwards.

He entered upon all branches of study with equal avidity, excepting only mathematics, which he always regarded with intense aversion and pursued only under protest. In regard to this subject he writes home from the University:

"I can scarcely bear to write on mathematics or mathematicians. Oh for words to express my abomination for that science, if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the percep-

tion and recollection of certain properties of numbers and figures. Oh that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity; oh that I were to pore over Thomas Aquinas, and to adjust the relation of Entity with the two Predicaments, so that I were exempt from this miserable study! 'Discipline' of the mind! Say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be. I feel myself becoming a personification of algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of logarithms. All my perceptions of elegance and beauty are gone, or at least going. . . . But such is my destiny; and since it is so, be the pursuit contemptible, below contempt, or disgusting beyond abhorrence, I shall aim at no second place."

At Cambridge, as at the preparatory school, he excelled in literary and classical studies and was noted for his ready and somewhat boisterous conversational powers. He early became interested in political questions, and began to participate in political discussions. While at Cambridge he renounced the principles of the Tory party to which his father was attached, and became an ardent Whig, and afterwards became one of the trusted leaders of the party.

In 1819 he won the Chancellor's medal for a poem on "Pompeii," and again in 1820 for a poem entitled "Evening." In 1822 he received his Bachelor's degree,

and in 1824 was elected to a fellowship, which was the more pleasing to him because it brought such deep gratification to his parents.

His first literary efforts were contributed to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, for which he wrote several articles between June, 1823, and November, 1824. In this latter year he made his début as a public speaker at an anti-slavery meeting, where he seems to have made a considerable impression by his eloquence and exhaustive treatment of the subject.

In 1825 he contributed his essay on "Milton" to the *Edinburgh Review*, and for twenty years after he was a constant writer for this celebrated magazine. His "Milton" brought him wide renown, and made his name familiar to a wide circle of readers. While his work was scholarly, it was also popular and intensely interesting. Probably no other writer of the present century has so taken the world by storm as did Macaulay. The circulation of the *Review* increased with unexampled rapidity. In America his essays were reprinted in editions both cheap and expensive, and were not only sold in large quantities here but even found a large sale in the mother country.

Macaulay imparted to his writings a peculiar charm from which even the casual reader cannot escape. His wide reading and wonderful memory enabled him to range the whole field of literature and history for his

illustrations and allusions, and also to impart a large amount of information, which, if not always strictly accurate, was invested in such picturesque and beautiful language that it appealed directly to the higher tastes of his readers and did much to quicken their intellectual life.

In 1825 he received his Master's degree, and in 1826 was called to the bar, but he very soon abandoned his attempt to practise law and gave himself up to his literary work and to the pursuit of politics.

His articles in the *Edinburgh Review* brought him a wide popularity, which, added to his powerful advocacy of Whig principles, made it possible for him to enter Parliament, and in 1830 he was returned from the borough of Colne.

His first speech was in favor of a bill to remove the civil disabilities of the Jews, and his second was directed against slavery in the West Indies. He also took a prominent part in the great debate on the Reform Bill, and contributed materially to its final adoption.

From this time his position, both in politics and society, was assured. He was probably the most prominent and influential member of his party in the House and was always listened to with interest and respect. He won renown not only for the eloquence and power of his speeches, but also for his readiness in debate.

His great stores of information and his exhaustless memory both combined to make him invincible in the hot battles that were then waged in Parliament.

On July 10, 1833, he made an effective speech in favor of an important measure then under consideration, at the close of which one of the administration leaders gave utterance to his admiration in the following words:

"I must embrace the opportunity of expressing, not what I felt (for language could not express it), but of making an attempt to convey to the House my sympathy with it in its admiration of the speech of my honorable and learned friend: a speech which, I will venture to assert, has never been exceeded within these walls for the development of statesman-like policy and practical good sense. It exhibited all that is noble in oratory; all that is sublime, I had almost said, in poetry; all that is truly great, exalted, and virtuous in human nature. If the House at large felt a deep interest in this magnificent display, it may judge of what were my emotions when I perceived in the hands of my honorable friend the great principles which he expounded glowing with fresh colors and arrayed in all the beauty of truth."

This generous tribute expressed no more than the common estimate of Macaulay's eloquence and logical power.

In 1834 he was made president of a new Law Commission for India and member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. The salary attached to these positions was large, and during his three years' residence in India he was enabled to acquire a competency which made him independent for the rest of his life.

While in India he found time to continue his studies, and also to write several of his brilliant essays. It was at this time that he acquired the knowledge of Oriental life and history, which he afterwards used so effectively in his essays on Warren Hastings and Lord Clive.

In 1838 he returned to England, and was at once elected to Parliament from Edinburgh. From 1839 to 1841 he was Secretary of War and occupied a seat in the Cabinet. In 1842 he surprised the public by turning aside from his usual style of composition and publishing the "Lays of Ancient Rome," which at once became immensely popular, and have remained so to the present day, despite the fact that they have been condemned by critics as neither poetry nor history. In 1844 he wrote his last essay for the *Review* and then gave himself up to the preparation of his *History of England from the Time of James II.*, the first two volumes of which appeared in 1849. The event of their publication had been eagerly anticipated by the public, and they sold so rapidly that the

publishers could hardly keep pace with the demand. The third and fourth volumes were not ready until 1855.

In 1847 he was defeated for reëlection to Parliament, but in 1852 was returned by his Edinburgh constituency without any effort on his part; but he took little part in the struggles and deliberations of that body.

During the latter part of Macaulay's life many distinguished honors were conferred upon him. In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow and Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1857 he was made a peer of the realm, under the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. In this same year he was elected Foreign Member of the French Academy, was given the Prussian Order of Merit, and was made High Steward of Cambridge. But his hard and unremitting labor had undermined his naturally strong constitution, and he died, December 28, 1859, when hardly past the prime of life.

THE ESSAYS

As a form of literature the essay is a relatively short disquisition upon some particular point or topic. It is not as formal and methodical as the more digni-

fied treatise, and instead of giving a thorough and complete treatment of its subject, is comparatively superficial, and is designed, as a rule, to appeal to the popular taste rather than to the more limited circle of scholarly and profound thinkers for whom the treatise is primarily designed.

The essay offers an opportunity for the bright and witty thinker to discourse confidentially upon subjects in which he is interested without being required to give to them an orderly and exhaustive treatment, or to make his work conform rigidly to all the canons of literary criticism.

In the essay, more than in any other impersonal form of literary effort, the author is able to impress his own personality upon his work, so that oftentimes it assumes the freedom and variety and is often characterized by the individuality of the conversational monologue. It needs no profound student of literature to recognize at once the author in such essays as those of Bacon, Addison, Macaulay, or Matthew Arnold.

This species of composition has been a favorite one from the time of Bacon, the great English philosopher, and Montaigne, the greatest French writer of the sixteenth century, who were the first of modern writers to use it distinctively. It is especially adapted to periodical literature, and if it has not risen to its

highest level, it has, at any rate, appeared in its most agreeable and attractive form in such publications as the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Edinburgh Review*. It has been used as the vehicle for historical and biographical sketches, literary and critical discussions, political arguments, and ethical and religious expositions. It has generally been written in prose, although Pope, in his essays on "Man" and "Criticism," has shown that it may appear in poetic form, without loss of freshness or vigor.

Some authors, like Addison and Steele, have produced the most of their literary work in this form, while others, like Cowley, have used it as a diversion, and have gained their reputation in other fields of literature.

To the scholar essay-writing may seem to be a form of literary dissipation, which, persisted in, will make the writer incapable of close and sustained work along any single line. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the essay has influenced beneficially a wider class of readers than any other form of composition outside of fiction, and even fiction has done much less to disseminate useful information and to inspire thoughtful consideration of great questions.

Unlike poetry and fiction, the modern essay has not undergone a process of evolution. In its essential characteristics it has not changed materially since its

first appearance in the sixteenth century. A comparison between the essays of Bacon and Montaigne and those of almost any modern writer will show differences in the personal standpoint and style of treatment, but the essential elements of composition remain the same. The essay, like Athena, sprang full-grown and fully armed into the world of literature, and took its place at once as a finished and perfected product.

The essays of Macaulay, which are probably the most brilliant in the whole range of literature, were contributed mainly to the *Edinburgh Review*, a journal which had risen to an unequalled height of political, social, and literary power. To have the entry of its columns was to command the most direct channel for the spread of opinions and the shortest road to influence and celebrity.

Many of these essays were nominally book reviews, and were generally suggested by some book, whose unfortunate author found himself completely overshadowed by his sometimes friendly, but frequently hostile, critic. In reality these productions are brilliant essays, biographical, historical, and literary, and sometimes, though not often, really critical. Macaulay's sympathy was too easily aroused, and his partisanship was too intense to permit him to employ either the cool temper of the critic or the calm impartiality of the historian.

In the course of his reading Macaulay had accumulated an immense quantity and variety of facts, which his great retentive powers placed at his service whenever he wanted to use them. Thus his essays became exhaustless storehouses of information gathered from all fields of human learning and compacted with great ingenuity and skill into literary masterpieces. Although he composed with great rapidity, he never wrote carelessly or hastily. He gives an insight into his literary methods in a letter written to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* from Calcutta, November 26, 1836, from which the following passage is taken:[1]

"At last I send you an article of interminable length on Lord Bacon. I hardly know whether it is not too long for an article in the *Review*, but the subject is of such vast extent that I could easily have made the paper twice as long as it is. About the historical and political part there is no great probability that we shall differ in opinion; but what I have said about Bacon's philosophy is widely at variance with what Dugald Stewart and Mackintosh have said on the same subject. . . . My opinion is formed not at second hand, like those of nine-tenths of the people who talk about Bacon; but after several very attentive perusals of his greatest works and after a great deal of thought. . . . I never bestowed so much care on

[1] See Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Macaulay*, Vol. I., p. 47.

anything I have written. There is not a sentence in the latter half of the article which has not been repeatedly recast."

Macaulay never intended to put his essays into permanent form, and several times refused the request of his publishers to collect and edit them. But finally the popular demand became so great that American publishers issued unauthorized editions, which found a ready sale in England as well as in America. Influenced by this fact, he finally consented to edit and publish an authorized edition, to which he attached the following preface:

"The author of these essays is so sensible of their defects that he has repeatedly refused to let them appear in a form which might seem to indicate that he thought them worthy of a permanent place in English literature; nor would he now give his consent to the re-publication of pieces so imperfect, if, by withholding his consent, he could make re-publication impossible. But as they have been reprinted more than once in the United States, as many American copies have been imported into this country, and as a still larger importation is expected, he conceives that he cannot, in justice to the publishers of the *Edinburgh Review*, longer object to a measure which they consider as necessary to the protection of their rights, and that he cannot be accused of presumption

for wishing that his writings, if they are read, may be read in an edition freed at least from errors of the press and from slips of the pen. . . .

"No attempt has been made to remodel any of the pieces which are contained in these volumes. Even the criticism on Milton, which was written when the author was fresh from college, and which contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves, still remains overloaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament. The blemishes which have been removed were, for the most part, blemishes caused by unavoidable haste. The author has sometimes, like other contributors to periodical works, been under the necessity of writing at a distance from all books and from all advisers, often trusting to his memory for facts, dates, and quotations, and of often sending manuscripts to the post without reading them over. What he has composed thus rapidly has often been as rapidly printed. His object has been that every essay should now appear as it probably would have appeared when it was first published, if he had been allowed an additional day or two to revise the proof-sheets with the assistance of a good library."

THE LITERARY HISTORY OF MACAULAY'S AGE[1]

A CONSIDERABLE number of England's most noted writers flourished during the life of Macaulay. At his birth the greatest poets of the preceding century were still in the fulness of their powers, while at his death the authors who have been so intimately connected with the glory of Victorian literature had already begun that brilliant work which has made this the most noteworthy period in the whole range of English literature.

With few exceptions, the greatest English poets belong to the nineteenth century. During its first quarter the world was dazzled by the genius of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Southey, Keats, and Shelley; and they had hardly passed from the stage when the first works of Browning and Tennyson were produced.

[1] The Joint Committee on English Requirements, at its session in New York in 1897, recommended the study of the literary history of the various periods, to which the prescribed books belong, in connection with their study. No attempt is made here even to sketch the literary history of this period further than is necessary to furnish a background or, what may be so called, a literary setting for Macaulay's works. A more extended study of the general features of the period may be carried on with profit; yet it should not be forgotten that the great purpose of all literary study should be found in the thought of the author, and not in the details of his life history.

The history of this century contains the names of nearly all of the great masters of English fiction, of whom Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer-Lytton, Miss Edgeworth, Charlotte Brontë, and Miss Austen were contemporary with Macaulay.

Two writers of his period may be fairly classed with our author, although they differed widely from him in many essential characteristics. These were De Quincey and Carlyle, who, with Macaulay, will easily rank among the greatest of English essayists.

Like Macaulay, De Quincey began his literary career by contributing to periodical literature, but, unlike him, he also ended it there; and he has the distinction of being the only great English prose writer who never wrote a book. Few writers since the time of Aristotle have covered so broad a field, and fewer still have proved themselves so thoroughly at home in every department of human thought and investigation, yet he never sustained any line of thought or investigation long enough to produce a work which may be called a real contribution to the intellectual life of the world. The literary value of his works is great, and in beauty and grace, as well as dignity, his style is hardly excelled; yet he cannot be ranked among the great masters of English thought.

In this respect De Quincey was distinctly inferior to Macaulay and Carlyle, each of whom engaged in

exhaustive research, and produced works that have enriched literature for all time.

Many points of resemblance will be discovered between De Quincey and Macaulay from a comparative study of their works. They were both indefatigable readers, and possessed of wonderful retentive powers. Both wrote for magazines on a wide range of topics. Each was gifted with peculiar beauties of style and with a remarkable exuberance of thought; but in their personal characteristics they were at the antipodes. The one was retiring, introspective, and morbid; the other was a man of affairs, and gifted with the power of leadership. Both were masters of the now almost forgotten art of conversation.

Between Macaulay and Carlyle there were few resemblances and fewer elements of sympathy. They were both great prose writers, and interested in the same general class of subjects. Each was attracted to the study of history, and particularly to questions relating to political and social conditions; but their view points were essentially antagonistic. The one was an interested participator in the political activities of his times, and conducted his historical studies and investigations from the standpoint of a partisan, while the other was a philosopher, and almost a recluse.

Yet while Macaulay is more attractive and, by the

ordinary reader, much more easily understood and sympathized with, Carlyle is much the stronger character, and his work has influenced English thought more profoundly.

Macaulay's greatest work is read to-day more for the brilliancy of his style and the power and realism of his characterizations than for the accuracy of his judgments or his contributions to historical knowledge. On the other hand, Carlyle's *Cromwell* is not only good history, but it has reversed the judgment of the English people, and led to the recognition of its hero as the second founder of English liberties. His *French Revolution* and *Frederick the Great* are perhaps the most noteworthy works of their class in the English language, and the latter practically exhausts the historical materials of the period. Yet his most characteristic work is found in his literary and critical essays, which rise to a higher intellectual plane than any which preceded them, and have probably not been excelled by any similar productions in the whole range of literature.

Among the poets who were strictly contemporary with Macaulay were Byron, Shelley, Keats, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. The last three were born between 1770 and 1775, but the greater part of their work was done during Macaulay's lifetime. All may be ranked among England's greatest poets. "Kubla Khan," "Christabel," and "The Ancient Mariner" by

Coleridge, the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" and "Lines written at Tintern Abbey" by Wordsworth, and the "Lyrics" of Shelley are among the noblest products of poetic genius to be found in any language.

Another famous contemporary was Sydney Smith, the greatest of English wits, of whom Macaulay speaks characteristically in one of his letters as follows:

"The other day as I was changing my neckcloth, which my wig had disfigured, my good landlady knocked at the door of my bedroom and told me that Mr. Smith wished to see me, and was in my room below. Of all names by which men are called there is none which conveys a less determinate idea to the mind than that of Smith. . . . Down I went, and, to my utter amazement, beheld the Smith of Smiths, Sydney Smith, alias Peter Plymley. I had forgotten his very existence till I discerned the queer contrast between the clerical amplitude of his person and the most unclerical wit, whim, and petulance of his eye. . . . I am very well pleased at having this opportunity of becoming better acquainted with a man who, in spite of innumerable affectations and oddities, is certainly one of the wittiest and most original writers of our times. . . . I have really taken a great liking to him. He is full of wit, humor, and shrewdness. He is not one of the show-talkers who reserve all their good things for special occasions. It seems to

be his greatest luxury to keep his wife and daughters laughing for two or three hours every day."

In the course of Macaulay's life he came into close personal acquaintance not only with political leaders, but with many of the more noted authors of his time. Many allusions to them occur in his letters, which are interesting, as they indicate his mental attitude towards writers whose standing was not at that time established. A few of these allusions are quoted below.[1]

"*Pride and Prejudice* and the five sister novels remained without a rival in his affections. He never for a moment wavered in his allegiance to Miss Austen. In 1858 he wrote in his journal: 'If I could get materials I really would write a short life of that wonderful woman, and raise a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral.'"

In a letter to his sister he says:

"I am glad you have read Madame de Staël's *Allemagne*. The book is a foolish one in many respects, but it abounds with information and shows great mental power. She was certainly the first woman of her age; Miss Edgeworth, I think, the second; and Miss Austen the third."

[1] These allusions and many more may be found in Trevelyan's *Life of Macaulay*, which is one of the few great biographies in the English language. Every student of Macaulay ought to be familiar with this work.

Of Lord Byron he says:

"The worst thing that I know about Lord Byron is the very unfavorable impression he made upon men who certainly were not inclined to judge him harshly, and who, as far as I know, were never personally ill-used by him. I have heard hundreds and thousands of people, who never saw him, rant about him; but I never heard a single expression of fondness for him fall from the lips of any of those who knew him well."

The following extract from a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* is especially interesting:

Oct. 19, 1842.

"*Dear Napier:* This morning I received Dickens's book. I have now read it. It is impossible for me to review it; nor do I think you would wish me to do so. I cannot praise it, and I will not cut it up. I cannot praise it though it contains a few lively dialogues and descriptions; for it seems to me to be on the whole a failure. . . . A reader who wants an amusing account of the United States had better go to Mrs. Trollope, coarse and malignant as she is. A reader who wants information about American politics, manners, and literature had better go even to so poor a creature as Buckingham. In short, I pronounce the book, in spite of some gleams of genius, at once frivolous and dull.

"Therefore I shall not praise it. Neither will I

attack it; first, because I have eaten salt with Dickens; secondly, because he is a good man and a man of real talent; thirdly, because he hates slavery as heartily as I do; and fourthly, because I wish to see him enrolled in our blue and yellow corps, where he may do excellent service as a skirmisher and sharpshooter."

He had a great admiration for Miss Edgeworth, the accomplished author of *Castle Rackrent, Ormond, Moral Tales,* etc.

"Among all the incidents connected with the publication of his History, nothing pleased Macaulay so much as the gratification which he contrived to give Maria Edgeworth, as a small return for the enjoyment which, during more than fifty years, he had derived from her charming writings. That lady, who was in her eighty-third winter and within a few months of her death, says, in the course of a letter addressed to Dr. Holland: 'And now, my good friend, I require you to believe that all the admiration I have expressed for Macaulay's work is quite uninfluenced by the self-satisfaction, pride, surprise, I had in finding my own name in a note! I had formed my opinion, and expressed it to my friends who were reading the book to me, before I came to that note. Moreover, there was a mixture of shame, and a tinge of pain, with the pleasure and pride I felt in having a line in

this immortal History given to *me*, when there is no mention of Sir Walter Scott throughout the work, even in places where it seems impossible that the historian should resist paying the becoming tribute which genius owes, and loves to pay, to genius. . . . Meanwhile be so good as to make my grateful and deeply felt thanks to the great author for the honor which he has done me.'"

Perhaps this omission may be explained by the following passage from a letter to Mr. Napier. His estimate of the personal character of Scott is widely at variance with the facts as known to us.

"Then, again, I have not, from the little I do know about him, formed so high an opinion of his character as most people seem to entertain, and as it would be expedient for the *Edinburgh Review* to express. He seems to me to have been most carefully and successfully on his guard against the sins which most easily beset literary men. On that side he multiplied his precaution, and set a double watch. Hardly any writer of note has been so free from the petty jealousies and morbid irritabilities of our caste. But I do not think that he kept himself equally pure from faults of a very different kind, from the faults of a man of the world. In politics, a bitter and unscrupulous partisan; profuse and ostentatious in expense; agitated by the hopes and fears of a gambler; perpet-

ually sacrificing the perfection of his compositions, and the durability of his fame, to his eagerness for money; writing with the slovenly haste of Dryden, in order to satisfy wants which were not, like those of Dryden, caused by circumstances beyond his control, but which were produced by his extravagant waste or rapacious speculation; this is the way in which he appears to me. I am sorry for it, for I sincerely admire the greater part of his works; but I cannot think him a high-minded man, or a man of very strict principle."

With this unfavorable estimate of Scott by Macaulay it is interesting to compare that of the great critic, Taine, which is illustrated by the following extracts:

"He (Sir Walter Scott) is a good Protestant, a good husband, a good father and very moral. . . . In critical refinement and benevolent philosophy, he resembles Addison. He resembles him again by the purity and endurance of his moral principles. His amanuensis, Mr. Laidlaw, told him that he was doing great good by his attractive and noble tales, and that young people would no longer wish to look in the literary rubbish of the circulating libraries. When Walter Scott heard this, his eyes filled with tears. On his death-bed he said to his son-in-law: 'Lockhart, I have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man,—be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when

you come to lie here.' This was almost his last word. By this fundamental honesty and this broad humanity, he was the Homer of modern citizen life."

It is possible that Macaulay's judgment may have been biased by the fact that while he was an ardent Whig, Scott was an equally ardent Tory.

PROMINENT AUTHORS WHO WERE CONTEMPORARY WITH MACAULAY.

Walter Savage Landor	1775–1864
Jane Austen	1775–1817
Maria Edgeworth	1767–1849
Sydney Smith	1771–1845
Leigh Hunt	1784–1859
Thomas Carlyle	1795–1881
Elizabeth Barrett Browning	1809–1861
Edward Bulwer (Lord Lytton)	1805–1873
Alfred Tennyson	1809–1892
Charles Dickens	1812–1870
Robert Browning	1812–1889
William M. Thackeray	1811–1863
Lord Byron	1788–1824
Percy B. Shelley	1792–1822
Thomas De Quincey	1785–1859
John Keats	1795–1821
Southey	1774–1843
Coleridge	1772–1834
Wordsworth	1770–1850
Scott	1771–1832

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE STUDENT

READING to be profitable must be careful and intelligent. The careless and hasty reader not only fails to gain the knowledge and culture which are the legitimate products of all reading, but even dissipates his intellectual energies, and eventually destroys his ability to appreciate good literature. That method of reading only is intelligent which leads to a clear comprehension of the author's spirit and intent; and its necessary conditions are a knowledge of his style and vocabulary and such a warm interest in the development of his line of thought and investigation as will serve for an inspiration to a careful and earnest study of his works.

Much that is written in literary form is not worth the reading, but no true work of literature will ever fail to repay the student for his labor upon it. The wise selection of a course of reading is therefore a matter of the highest importance; yet there are so many prepared lists and helpful suggestions which

are easily accessible that no earnest student need go astray.

Before beginning the study of an author it is well to learn something about his character and the position which he occupies in the literary history of his age. Oftentimes a knowledge of his personal life will lead to a better comprehension of his works. Such study should not be minute, and must be taken up not merely to satisfy curiosity, but with the sustained purpose of ascertaining, as far as possible, the sources of his inspiration and the general character and trend of his thought.

Many authors who are thought to be obscure by the general reader are so only because their spirit and motives are not understood, and therefore their literary productions seem illogical, and sometimes almost or quite meaningless. Browning, who is one of the richest and most fruitful of modern writers, furnishes a good illustration of this fact. The ordinary reader fails to understand him because he does not even apprehend his real personality and truest and deepest purposes; and thus his language, which is so heavily laden with the rarest treasures of thought, becomes unintelligible.

The student who is seeking to develop a love for good literature should never cultivate a critical or censorious spirit. His aim should be to search for the true and

the beautiful, and not to be on the lookout for faults and blemishes. The acquisition of such a critical spirit must invariably blind the student to those very elements which alone are worth his study.

If the student searches for faults in Macaulay's works he will surely find them, and often flagrant ones; but his aim should be far different from this. It is true that an intelligent reading of either Macaulay's Essays or his History cannot fail to disclose his faults; but these should be passed over with as little notice as possible, and the attention concentrated upon the beauties of his style and thought. Aside from their brilliancy, there is a peculiarly magnetic quality in Macaulay's works which at once wins the reader and brings him into close sympathy with their author. The student who studies him with an earnest purpose will soon find himself under the sway of his magic, and his works will be invested with an almost irresistible interest.

It is a fundamental principle of all literary study that the student should first gain a fair knowledge of the work as a whole, the general trend of reasoning, and the conclusions which the author desires to establish, before proceeding to an analytical and detailed study. So in taking up these essays the student should first read them through carefully without stopping to look up references or to verify allusions, in order to

gain a general view of the whole field. Then he should turn back and begin a more or less exhaustive study of the essay, giving his attention mainly to the author's style and vocabulary, and to its general content.

Macaulay's vocabulary was noted chiefly for its wide extent and for his good taste in the use of words. He displays no eccentricities, nor does he employ unusual or provincial forms of speech. In his choice of words he is both dignified and graceful. These and other characteristics should be carefully noted, but too much time should not be devoted to the study of words in this or in any other masterpiece. It must always be remembered that words are but the instruments by which thought is expressed, and only enough time should be given to their study to enable the student to master the intricacies of the author's thought. It is the living spirit which quickens, and words are but the vehicles by which it is conveyed.

The second subject of study is the author's style, and it offers a most fruitful field for interesting and profitable investigation. Few authors have been characterized by a style at once so brilliant and so clear; so florid and picturesque, and yet so simple and direct. His essays abound in imagery, comparisons, contrasts, and allusions. From his boundless stores of information he draws copiously and with marked spontaneity

illustrations of his subject which cover the widest possible range of human thought and life. He knows not only the great events and personages of the world's history and literature, but he evinces a remarkable familiarity with persons and deeds so inconspicuous as hardly to find mention in the most detailed annals of the past. The student who conscientiously follows out each allusion and illustration in any one of his greater essays will have to search through many dictionaries, encyclopædias, and histories, and will acquire no small fund of useful and interesting information. And whoever does this will gain some idea of the wide range of reading, the indefatigable industry, and the marvellous memory of the author, who wrote many of these essays, as he himself says, afar from books and libraries, without an opportunity even to verify the references with which his memory supplied him so bountifully.

The student should study carefully the various constructive devices which he employs to convey his meaning, such as the balanced and periodical sentence; the antithetical and climactic forms of expression; and the numerous rhetorical figures, such as pathos, the various forms of comparison and contrast, humor, hyperbole, irony, etc., all of which he frequently uses with power and effect. Numerous illustrations of all of these and others may be found in each essay, and

they should be identified and studied both analytically and constructively.

His style may be characterized briefly as clear, simple, animated, and strong. It has sometimes been called artificial, but the true lover of Macaulay will find it the natural and artistic expression of his sympathetic mind, and not a series of labored devices to attract readers or impress his points. In the long run the popular verdict of a writer is the true one. Critics may still carp and cavil at the author of "Milton" and "The Lays," but by the popular tribunal he has been acquitted of their charges and placed forever among the great masters of thought and expression which the English-speaking world has produced.

The last and most important topic of study is found in an author's purposes and the steps by which he attains them. And here the easiest and by far the most interesting part of the work is reached in a study of Macaulay.

In his expression he is always clear and frank. No matter how radical his views, he never fears to utter them. He never indulges in obscurities or subtleties of thought. His opinions never lack definition; and he never fails to express them so clearly that they cannot be misunderstood, and so forcibly that it seems almost presumption to attempt to discredit them. It is true that he is so vigorous a thinker, and becomes so

absorbed in the subject with which he is dealing at the moment, that he tends towards radical and exaggerated views, so that his subject becomes unduly exalted and the things with which he compares or contrasts it correspondingly depreciated. But it is by no means a harmful thing for a young person to come into an intimate acquaintance with a man who can be at one moment an impetuous lover and at the next moment a violent hater, and one who is not afraid to express his opinions and is never at a loss for vigorous language to clothe them in.

After having read the essay as a whole, the student should carefully look up and verify all its allusions and references, re-reading it in the light of his increased knowledge and expanded horizon. He should then make a paragraph summary, that is, he should express the main idea of each paragraph in a single pointed sentence, in proper order. From this summary he should proceed to make a skeleton of the essay by selecting the most important points, expanding them, and joining to them in their proper order and relationship the minor or subordinate elements, until a complete outline of the whole essay has been formed.

This outline should then be studied, point by point, to ascertain whether Macaulay developed his thought in a careful and logical manner; whether he followed his line of argument closely or indulged in digressions;

whether the system of paragraphing is continuous and harmonious or is characterized by abrupt changes; whether the thought is expressed in plain language or in figured speech, and if so how the meaning is modified or expanded; does he in any point exaggerate or take a false position, and finally, having defined his purpose, has he attained it?

If this method of study is carefully followed out, and supplemented by a wider reading of Macaulay's works, it is believed that the student will not only be benefited intellectually, but that something of the author's strong sweet spirit will enter into his life to broaden and elevate it.

LORD MACAULAY'S PROSE WRITINGS, WITH DATE OF PUBLICATION.

Fragments of a Roman Tale. June, 1823.
On the Royal Society of Literature. June, 1823.
Scenes from Athenian Revels. January, 1824.
Criticisms of the Principal Italian Writers, No. I., Dante. January, 1824.
Criticisms of the Principal Italian Writers, No. II., Petrarch. April, 1824.
Some Account of the Great Lawsuit between the Parishes of St. Dennis and St. George in the Water. April, 1824.
A Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the Great Civil War. August, 1824.
On the Athenian Orators. August, 1824.
A Prophetic Account of a Grand National Epic Poem, to be entitled "The Wellingtoniad," and to be published A.D. 2824. November, 1824.
On Mitford's History of Greece. November, 1824.

NOTE. — Up to this time his essays were published in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, but all the rest appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*.

Milton. August, 1825.
The West Indies. January, 1825.
The London University. February, 1826.
Machiavelli. March, 1827.
Social and Industrial Capacities of Negroes. March, 1827.

The Present Administration. June, 1827.
John Dryden. January, 1828.
History. May, 1828.
Hallam's Constitutional History. September, 1828.
Mill on Government. March, 1829.
Westminster Reviewer's Defence of Mill. June, 1829.
Utilitarian Theory of Government. October, 1829.
Southey's Colloquies on Society. January, 1830.
Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poems. April, 1830.
Sadler's Law of Population. July, 1830.
Southey's Edition of Pilgrim's Progress. December, 1830.
Sadler's Refutation Refuted. January, 1831.
Civil Disabilities of the Jews. January, 1831.
Moore's Life of Lord Byron. June, 1831.
Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson. September, 1831.
Lord Nugent's Memorials of Hampden. December, 1831.
Rev. Edward Nave's Memoirs of Lord Burleigh. April, 1832.
Étienne Dumont's Memoirs of Mirabeau. July, 1832.
Lord Mahon's History of the War of the Succession in Spain. January, 1833.
Horace Walpole. October, 1833.
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. January, 1834.
Sir James Mackintosh. July, 1835.
Lord Bacon. July, 1837.
Sir William Temple. October, 1838.
Gladstone on Church and State. April, 1839.
Lord Clive. January, 1840.
Von Ranke. October, 1840.
Leigh Hunt. January, 1841.
Lord Holland. July, 1841.
Warren Hastings. October, 1841.

Frederick the Great. April, 1842.
Madame D'Arblay. January, 1843.
The Life and Writings of Addison. July, 1843.
Barrere. April, 1844.
The Earl of Chatham. October, 1844.

NOTE.—The following biographies were contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Francis Atterbury. December, 1853.
John Bunyan. May, 1854.
Oliver Goldsmith. February, 1856.
Samuel Johnson. December, 1856.
William Pitt. January, 1859.

In addition to these essays he wrote upwards of eighty short biographical sketches of persons more or less noted.

In 1848 he published the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Accession of James II.*

In 1852 the third and fourth volumes appeared. He was engaged in the preparation of the fifth volume, when he died.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Epitaph on Henry Martyn.
Lines to the Memory of Pitt.
A Radical War-Song.

The Battle of Moncontour.
The Battle of Naseby.
Sermon in a Churchyard.
Translation from A. V. Arnault.
Dies Irae.
The Marriage of Tirzah and Ahirad.
The Country Clergyman's Trip to Cambridge.
Song.
Political Georgics.
The Deliverance of Vienna.
The Last Buccaneer.
Epitaph on a Jacobite.
Lines written in August, 1847.
Translation from Plautus.
Paraphrase.
Inscription on the Statue of Lord William Bentinck.
Epitaph on Sir Benjamin Heath Malkin.
Epitaph on Lord Metcalfe.
Pompeii.
The Battle of Ivry.
The Armada.
The Cavalier's March to London.
The Lays of Ancient Rome:
    Horatius.
    The Battle of the Lake Regillus.
    Virginia.
    The Prophecy of Capys.

THE ESSAY ON ADDISON

THIS essay is one of the most popular of Macaulay's works, and deservedly so; yet the student must not accept Macaulay's estimate of Addison as impartial or authoritative. He was an ardent admirer of Addison, and his enthusiasm led him to exaggerate his good qualities and blinded him to his defects. He has also sought to add to the renown of his hero by defaming his rivals, a course that is both ungenerous and unjust. Macaulay's treatment of both Pope and Steele in this essay is eminently unfair, and he weakens the effect of his argument materially by his invective. His method of treatment deprives his work of much of its critical value; but if this is borne in mind, the student will be prevented from forming an incorrect estimate of Addison as an author and man, while he will be profoundly influenced by the wonderful flow of thought, the brilliancy of diction, and the breadth of allusion which characterize the essay.

It seems necessary to attempt to state here very briefly the position which Addison holds in the literary history of England, as an antidote to Macaulay's somewhat extravagant eulogy.

Johnson said of him: "He thinks justly, but he

thinks faintly." A careful study of his works will show that he was never a profound student, and that his judgments, though clearly expressed and well defined, were in the main superficial. He lacked spontaneity and vigor of thought, and frequently seemed to expend his vitality in seeking smooth and free expression rather than in elaborating his subject-matter. He added to this a lack of sympathy and imaginative power, which would have been fatal to almost any other species of composition than that in which he was engaged.

As a poet Addison was distinctly a failure. In true poetic genius he was utterly lacking. At the best, he was but a writer of political verses and academic memoirs. Had he not come under the influence of Swift and Steele he would probably never have been known as anything more than a clever versifier, and would have held no considerable place in English literature.

The most of his work, and by far the best, consists of contributions to the periodicals of the day, which his genius and that of Steele have given a high rank in English literature. So excellent was this work that, although they have had many followers and rivals, the *Spectator* and *Tatler* have never been equalled in brightness, humor, and literary merit.

Macaulay indulges in too exuberant praise of Addi-

son's literary style, which is, indeed, in many ways admirable, but is not by any means above legitimate criticism. Lord Lytton says that Addison's command of expression was not first-rate. While his style is easy and flowing, and often highly polished, it is frequently loose to the verge of vagueness, and is lacking in strength, sublimity, and vigor. Johnson says, "He was a model of the middle style, — always equable, always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences."

In conclusion, it may be said that elegance is the ruling quality of Addison's style. To the superficial harmony and smoothness of his sentences he sacrifices vigor and depth of thought. As a master of this style of expression he is easily first; but as a vigorous, keen thinker, a logical reasoner, and a careful student, he is far from deserving all the praise which Macaulay heaps upon him. Yet, while he cannot be placed in the first rank of English authors, he was probably the greatest prose writer of his age.

ADDISON [1]

(*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1843)

Some reviewers are of opinion that a lady who dares to publish a book renounces by that act the franchises ° appertaining to her sex, and can claim no exemption from the utmost rigor of critical procedure. From that opinion we dissent. We admit, indeed, that in a country which boasts of many female writers, eminently qualified by their talents and acquirements to influence the public mind, it would be of most pernicious consequence that inaccurate history or unsound philosophy should be suffered to pass uncensured, merely because the offender chanced to be a lady. But we conceive that, on such occasions, a critic would do well to imitate the courteous Knight ° who found himself compelled by duty to keep the lists

[1] *The Life of Joseph Addison.* By Lucy Aikin. 2 vols. 8 vo. London, 1843.

against Bradamante.° He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion; but before the fight began, exchanged Balisarda° for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge.

Nor are the immunities of sex the only immunities which Miss Aikin may rightfully plead. Several of her works, and especially the very pleasing Memoirs of the Reign of James the First, have fully entitled her to the privileges enjoyed by good writers. One of those privileges we hold to be this, that such writers, when, either from the unlucky choice of a subject, or from the indolence too often produced by success, they happen to fail, shall not be subjected to the severe discipline which it is sometimes necessary to inflict upon dunces and impostors, but shall merely be reminded by a gentle touch, like that with which the Laputan flapper° roused his dreaming lord, that it is high time to wake.

Our readers will probably infer from what we have said that Miss Aikin's book has disappointed us. The truth is, that she is not well acquainted with her subject. No person who is not familiar with the political and literary history of England during the reigns of William the Third, of Anne, and of George

the First, can possibly write a good life of Addison. Now, we mean no reproach to Miss Aikin, and many will think that we pay her a compliment, when we say that her studies have taken a different direction. She is better acquainted with Shakespeare and Raleigh,° than with Congreve° and Prior°; and is far more at home among the ruffs and peaked beards of Theobald's° than among the Steenkirks° and flowing periwigs which surrounded Queen Anne's tea table at Hampton.° She seems to have written about the Elizabethan age, because she had read much about it; she seems, on the other hand, to have read a little about the age of Addison, because she had determined to write about it. The consequence is that she has had to describe men and things without having either a correct or a vivid idea of them, and that she has often fallen into errors of a very serious kind. The reputation which Miss Aikin has justly earned stands so high, and the charm of Addison's letters is so great, that a second edition of this work may probably be required. If so, we hope that every paragraph will be revised, and that every date and fact about which there can be the smallest doubt will be carefully verified.

To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment

as much like affection as any sentiment can be, which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty years in Westminster Abbey. We trust, however, that this feeling will not betray us into that abject idolatry which we have often had occasion to reprehend in others, and which seldom fails to make both the idolater and the idol ridiculous. A man of genius and virtue is but a man. All his powers cannot be equally developed; nor can we expect from him perfect self-knowledge. We need not, therefore, hesitate to admit that Addison has left us some compositions which do not rise above mediocrity, some heroic poems hardly equal to Parnell's,° some criticism as superficial as Dr. Blair's,° and a tragedy not very much better than Dr. Johnson's.° It is praise enough to say of a writer that, in a high department of literature, in which many eminent writers have distinguished themselves, he has had no equal; and this may with strict justice be said of Addison.

As a man, he may not have deserved the adoration which he received from those who, bewitched by his fascinating society, and indebted for all the comforts of life to his generous and delicate friendship, worshipped him nightly, in his favorite temple at Button's.° But, after full inquiry and impartial reflection, we

have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can be justly claimed by any of our infirm and erring race. Some blemishes may undoubtedly be detected in his character; but the more carefully it is examined, the more will it appear, to use the phrase of the old anatomists, sound in the noble parts, free from all taint of perfidy, of cowardice, of cruelty, of ingratitude, of envy. Men may easily be named, in whom some particular good disposition has been more conspicuous than in Addison. But the just harmony of qualities, the exact temper between the stern and the humane virtues, the habitual observance of every law, not only of moral rectitude, but of moral grace and dignity, distinguish him from all men who have been tried by equally strong temptations, and about whose conduct we possess equally full information.

His father was the Reverend Lancelot Addison, who, though eclipsed by his more celebrated son, made some figure in the world, and occupies with credit two folio pages in the Biographia Britannica.° Lancelot was sent up, as a poor scholar, from Westmoreland to Queen's College,° Oxford, in the time of the Commonwealth, made some progress in learning, became, like most of his fellow students, a violent Royalist, lam-

pooned the heads of the University, and was forced to ask pardon on his bended knees. When he had left college, he earned a humble subsistence by reading the liturgy of the fallen Church to the families of those sturdy squires whose manor houses were scattered over the Wild of Sussex.° After the Restoration, his loyalty was rewarded with the post of chaplain to the garrison of Dunkirk.° When Dunkirk was sold to France, he lost his employment. But Tangier° had been ceded by Portugal to England as part of the marriage portion of the Infanta° Catharine; and to Tangier Lancelot Addison was sent. A more miserable situation can hardly be conceived. It was difficult to say whether the unfortunate settlers were more tormented by the heats or by the rains, by the soldiers within the wall or by the Moors without it. One advantage the chaplain had. He enjoyed an excellent opportunity of studying the history and manners of Jews and Mahometans; and of this opportunity he appears to have made excellent use. On his return to England, after some years of banishment, he published an interesting volume on the Polity and Religion of Barbary, and another on the Hebrew Customs and the State of Rabbinical learning. He rose to eminence in his profession, and became one of the

royal chaplains, a Doctor of Divinity, Archdeacon of Salisbury, and Dean of Lichfield. It is said that he would have been made a bishop after the Revolution, if he had not given offence to the government by strenuously opposing, in the Convocation of 1689, the liberal policy of William and Tillotson.°

In 1672, not long after Dr. Addison's return from Tangier, his son Joseph was born. Of Joseph's childhood we know little. He learned his rudiments at schools in his father's neighborhood, and was then sent to the Charter House.° The anecdotes which are popularly related about his boyish tricks do not harmonize very well with what we know of his riper years. There remains a tradition that he was the ringleader in a barring out, and another tradition that he ran away from school and hid himself in a wood, where he fed on berries and slept in a hollow tree, till after a long search he was discovered and brought home. If these stories be true, it would be curious to know by what moral discipline so mutinous and enterprising a lad was transformed into the gentlest and most modest of men.

We have abundant proof that, whatever Joseph's pranks may have been, he pursued his studies vigorously and successfully. At fifteen he was not only

fit for the university, but carried thither a classical taste and a stock of learning which would have done honor to a Master of Arts. He was entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but he had not been many months there, when some of his Latin verses fell by accident into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalene College.° The young scholar's diction and versification were already such as veteran professors might envy. Dr. Lancaster was desirous to serve a boy of such promise; nor was an opportunity long wanting. The Revolution had just taken place; and nowhere had it been hailed with more delight than at Magdalene College. That great and opulent corporation had been treated by James, and by his Chancellor, with an insolence and injustice which, even in such a Prince and in such a Minister, may justly excite amazement, and which had done more than even the prosecution of the Bishops to alienate the Church of England from the throne. A president,° duly elected, had been violently expelled from his dwelling: a Papist had been set over the society by a royal mandate: the Fellows who, in conformity with their oaths, had refused to submit to this usurper, had been driven forth from their quiet cloisters and gardens, to die of want or to live on charity. But the day of re-

dress and retribution speedily came. The intruders were ejected: the venerable House was again inhabited by its old inmates: learning flourished under the rule of the wise and virtuous Hough; and with learning was united a mild and liberal spirit too often wanting in the princely colleges of Oxford. In consequence of the troubles through which the society had passed, there had been no valid election of new members during the year 1688. In 1689, therefore, there was twice the ordinary number of vacancies; and thus Dr. Lancaster found it easy to procure for his young friend admittance to the advantages of a foundation then generally esteemed the wealthiest in Europe.

At Magdalene Addison resided during ten years. He was, at first, one of those scholars who are called Demies,° but was subsequently elected a Fellow. His college is still proud of his name: his portrait still hangs in the hall; and strangers are still told that his favorite walk was under the elms which fringe the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell. It is said, and is highly probable, that he was distinguished among his fellow students by the delicacy of his feelings, by the shyness of his manners, and by the assiduity with which he often prolonged his studies far

into the night. It is certain that his reputation for ability and learning stood high. Many years later, the ancient doctors of Magdalene continued to talk in their common room of his boyish compositions, and expressed their sorrow that no copy of exercises so remarkable had been preserved.

It is proper, however, to remark that Miss Aikin has committed the error, very pardonable in a lady, of overrating Addison's classical attainments. In one department of learning, indeed, his proficiency was such as it is hardly possible to overrate. His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius° and Catullus° down to Claudian° and Prudentius,° was singularly exact and profound. He understood them thoroughly, entered into their spirit, and had the finest and most discriminating perception of all their peculiarities of style and melody; nay, he copied their manner with admirable skill, and surpassed, we think, all their British imitators who had preceded him, Buchanan° and Milton alone excepted. This is high praise; and beyond this we cannot with justice go. It is clear that Addison's serious attention during his residence at the university, was almost entirely concentrated on Latin poetry, and that, if he did not wholly neglect other provinces of ancient literature,

he vouchsafed to them only a cursory glance. He does not appear to have attained more than an ordinary acquaintance with the political and moral writers of Rome; nor was his own Latin prose by any means equal to his Latin verse. His knowledge of Greek, though doubtless such as was, in his time, thought respectable at Oxford, was evidently less than that which many lads now carry away every year from Eton and Rugby. A minute examination of his works, if we had time to make such an examination, would fully bear out these remarks. We will briefly advert to a few of the facts on which our judgment is grounded.

Great praise is due to the Notes which Addison appended to his version of the second and third books of the Metamorphoses.° Yet those notes, while they show him to have been, in his own domain, an accomplished scholar, show also how confined that domain was. They are rich in apposite references to Virgil, Statius,° and Claudian; but they contain not a single illustration drawn from the Greek poets. Now, if, in the whole compass of Latin literature, there be a passage which stands in need of illustration drawn from the Greek poets, it is the story of Pentheus ° in the third book of the Metamorphoses. Ovid was in-

debted for that story to Euripides ° and Theocritus,° both of whom he has sometimes followed minutely. But neither to Euripides nor to Theocritus does Addison make the faintest allusion; and we, therefore, believe that we do not wrong him by supposing that he had little or no knowledge of their works.

His travels in Italy, again, abound with classical quotations happily introduced; but scarcely one of those quotations is in prose. He draws more illustrations from Ausonius ° and Manilius ° than from Cicero. Even his notions of the political and military affairs of the Romans seem to be derived from poets and poetasters. Spots made memorable by events which have changed the destinies of the world, and which have been worthily recorded by great historians, bring to his mind only scraps of some ancient versifier. In the gorge of the Apennines he naturally remembers the hardships which Hannibal's army endured, and proceeds to cite, not the authentic narrative of Polybius,° not the picturesque narrative of Livy,° but the languid hexameters of Silius Italicus.° On the banks of the Rubicon he never thinks of Plutarch's ° lively description, or of the stern conciseness of the Commentaries, or of those letters to Atticus ° which so forcibly express the alternations of hope and fear in a

sensitive mind at a great crisis. His only authority for the events of the civil war is Lucan.°

All the best ancient works of art at Rome and Florence are Greek. Addison saw them, however, without recalling one single verse of Pindar,° of Callimachus,° or of the Attic dramatists; but they brought to his recollection innumerable passages of Horace,° Juvenal,° Statius, and Ovid.

The same may be said of the Treatise on Medals. In that pleasing work we find about three hundred passages extracted with great judgment from the Roman poets; but we do not recollect a single passage taken from any Roman orator or historian; and we are confident that not a line is quoted from any Greek writer. No person, who had derived all his information on the subject of medals from Addison, would suspect that the Greek coins were in historical interest equal, and in beauty of execution far superior, to those of Rome.

If it were necessary to find any further proof that Addison's classical knowledge was confined within narrow limits, that proof would be furnished by his Essay on the Evidences of Christianity. The Roman poets throw little or no light on the literary and historical questions which he is under the necessity of

examining in that Essay. He is, therefore, left completely in the dark; and it is melancholy to see how helplessly he gropes his way from blunder to blunder. He assigns, as grounds for his religious belief, stories as absurd as that of the Cock-Lane ghost,° and forgeries as rank as Ireland's Vortigern,° puts faith in the lie about the Thundering Legion,° is convinced that Tiberius moved the senate to admit Jesus among the gods, and pronounces the letter of Agbarus° King of Edessa to be a record of great authority. Nor were these errors the effects of superstition; for to superstition Addison was by no means prone. The truth is that he was writing about what he did not understand.

Miss Aikin has discovered a letter from which it appears that, while Addison resided at Oxford, he was one of the several writers whom the booksellers engaged to make an English version of Herodotus; and she infers that he must have been a good Greek scholar. We can allow very little weight to this argument, when we consider that his fellow-laborers were to have been Boyle° and Blackmore.° Boyle is remembered chiefly as the nominal author of the worst book on Greek history and philology that ever was printed; and this book, bad as it is, Boyle was unable to produce without help. Of Blackmore's attainments in the

ancient tongues, it may be sufficient to say that, in his prose he has confounded an aphorism with an apophthegm, and that when, in his verse, he treats of classical subjects, his habit is to regale his readers with four false quantities to a page.

It is probable that the classical acquirements of Addison were of as much service to him as if they had been more extensive. The world generally gives its admiration, not to the man who does what nobody else even attempts to do, but to the man who does best what multitudes do well. Bentley° was so immeasurably superior to all the other scholars of his time that few among them could discover his superiority. But the accomplishment in which Addison excelled his contemporaries was then, as it is now, highly valued and assiduously cultivated at all English seats of learning. Everybody who had been at a public school had written Latin verses; many had written such verses with tolerable success, and were quite able to appreciate, though by no means able to rival, the skill with which Addison imitated Virgil. His lines on the Barometer° and the Bowling Green° were applauded by hundreds, to whom the Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris° was as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics on an obelisk.

Purity of style, and an easy flow of numbers, are common to all Addison's Latin poems. Our favorite piece is the Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies; for in that piece we discern a gleam of the fancy and humor which many years later enlivened thousands of breakfast tables. Swift boasted that he was never known to steal a hint; and he certainly owed as little to his predecessors as any modern writer. Yet we cannot help suspecting that he borrowed, perhaps unconsciously, one of the happiest touches in his Voyages to Lilliput from Addison's verses. Let our readers judge.

"The Emperor," says Gulliver, "is taller by about the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders."

About thirty years before Gulliver's Travels appeared, Addison wrote these lines:

> "Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
> Pygmeadum ductor, qui, majestate verendus,
> Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
> Mole gigantea, mediamque exsurgit in ulnam."

The Latin poems of Addison were greatly and justly admired both at Oxford and Cambridge, before his name had ever been heard by the wits who thronged the coffee-houses round Drury Lane theatre. In his

twenty-second year, he ventured to appear before the public as a writer of English verse. He addressed some complimentary lines to Dryden,° who, after many triumphs and many reverses, had at length reached a secure and lonely eminence among the literary men of that age. Dryden appears to have been much gratified by the young scholar's praise; and an interchange of civilities and good offices followed. Addison was probably introduced by Dryden to Congreve,° and was certainly presented by Congreve to Charles Montague,° who was then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons.

At this time Addison seemed inclined to devote himself to poetry. He published a translation of part of the fourth Georgic, Lines to King William, and other performances of equal value, that is to say, of no value at all. But in those days, the public was in the habit of receiving with applause pieces which would now have little chance of obtaining the Newdigate prize° or the Seatonian prize.° And the reason is obvious. The heroic couplet° was then the favorite measure. The art of arranging words in that measure, so that the lines may flow smoothly, that the accents may fall correctly, that the rhymes may strike the ear strongly, and that there may be a pause at the end of

every distich, is an art as mechanical as that of mending a kettle or shoeing a horse, and may be learned by any human being who has sense enough to learn. But, like other mechanical arts, it was gradually improved by means of many experiments and many failures. It was reserved for Pope to discover the trick, to make himself complete master of it, and to teach it to everybody else. From the time when his Pastorals appeared, heroic versification became a matter of rule and compass; and, before long, all artists were on a level. Hundreds of dunces who never blundered on one happy thought or expression were able to write reams of couplets which, as far as euphony was concerned, could not be distinguished from those of Pope himself, and which very clever writers of the reign of Charles the Second, Rochester,° for example, or Marvel,° or Oldham,° would have contemplated with admiring despair.

Ben Jonson° was a great man, Hoole° a very small man. But Hoole, coming after Pope, had learned how to manufacture decasyllable verses, and poured them forth by thousands and tens of thousands, all as well turned, as smooth, and as like each other as the blocks which have passed through Mr. Brunel's° mill in the dockyard at Portsmouth. Ben's heroic couplets resem-

ble blocks rudely hewn out by an unpractised hand with a blunt hatchet. Take as a specimen his translation of a celebrated passage in the Æneid:

"This child our parent earth, stirred up with spite
Of all the gods, brought forth, and, as some write,
She was last sister of that giant race
That sought to scale Jove's court, right swift of pace,
And swifter far of wing, a monster vast
And dreadful. Look, how many plumes are placed
On her huge corpse, so many waking eyes
Stick underneath, and, which may stranger rise
In the report, as many tongues she wears."

Compare with these jagged misshapen distichs the neat fabric which Hoole's machine produces in unlimited abundance. We take the first lines on which we open in his version of Tasso.° They are neither better nor worse than the rest:

"O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led,
By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,
No greater wonders east or west can boast
Than yon small island on the pleasing coast.
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
The current pass, and seek the further shore."

Ever since the time of Pope there has been a glut of lines of this sort, and we are now as little disposed to admire a man for being able to write them, as for

being able to write his name. But in the days of William the Third such versification was rare; and a rhymer who had any skill in it passed for a great poet, just as in the dark ages a person who could write his name passed for a great clerk. Accordingly, Duke,° Stepney,° Granville,° Walsh,° and others, whose only title to fame was that they said in tolerable metre what might have been as well said in prose, or what was not worth saying at all, were honored with marks of distinction which ought to be reserved for genius. With these Addison must have ranked, if he had not earned true and lasting glory by performances which very little resembled his juvenile poems.

Dryden was now busied with Virgil, and obtained from Addison a critical preface to the Georgics. In return for this service, and for other services of the same kind, the veteran poet, in the postscript to the translation of the Æneid, complimented his young friend with great liberality, and indeed with more liberality than sincerity. He affected to be afraid that his own performance would not sustain a comparison with the version of the fourth Georgic, by "the most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford." "After his bees,"° added Dryden, "my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving."

The time had now arrived when it was necessary for Addison to choose a calling. Everything seemed to point his course towards the clerical profession. His habits were regular, his opinions orthodox. His college had large ecclesiastical preferment in its gift, and boasts that it has given at least one bishop to almost every see in England. Dr. Lancelot Addison held an honorable place in the Church, and had set his heart on seeing his son a clergyman. It is clear, from some expressions in the young man's rhymes, that his intention was to take orders. But Charles Montague interfered. Montague had first brought himself into notice by verses, well timed and not contemptibly written, but never, we think, rising above mediocrity. Fortunately for himself and for his country, he early quitted poetry, in which he could never have attained a rank as high as that of Dorset° or Rochester, and turned his mind to official and parliamentary business. It is written that the ingenious person who undertook to instruct Rasselas,° prince of Abyssinia, in the art of flying, ascended an eminence, waved his wings, sprang into the air, and instantly dropped into the lake. But it is added that the wings, which were unable to support him through the sky, bore him up effectually as soon as he was in the water. This is no bad type of

the fate of Charles Montague, and of men like him. When he attempted to soar into the regions of poetical invention, he altogether failed; but, as soon as he had descended from that ethereal elevation into a lower and grosser element, his talents instantly raised him above the mass. He became a distinguished financier, debater, courtier, and party leader. He still retained his fondness for the pursuits of his early days; but he showed that fondness not by wearying the public with his own feeble performances, but by discovering and encouraging literary excellence in others. A crowd of wits and poets, who would easily have vanquished him as a competitor, revered him as a judge and a patron. In his plans for the encouragement of learning, he was cordially supported by the ablest and most virtuous of his colleagues, Lord Chancellor Somers.° Though both these great statesmen had a sincere love of letters, it was not solely from a love of letters that they were desirous to enlist youths of high intellectual qualifications in the public service. The Revolution had altered the whole system of government. Before that event the press had been controlled by censors, and the Parliament had sat only two months in eight years. Now the press was free, and had begun to exercise unprecedented influence on the pub-

lic mind. Parliament met annually and sat long. The chief power in the State had passed to the House of Commons. At such a conjuncture, it was natural that literary and oratorical talents should rise in value. There was danger that a government which neglected such talents might be subverted by them. It was, therefore, a profound and enlightened policy which led Montague and Somers to attach such talents to the Whig party, by the strongest ties both of interest and of gratitude.

It is remarkable that in a neighboring country, we have recently seen similar effects follow from similar causes. The revolution of July, 1830, established representative government in France. The men of letters instantly rose to the highest importance in the State. At the present moment most of the persons whom we see at the head both of the Administration and of the Opposition, have been Professors, Historians, Journalists, Poets. The influence of the literary class in England, during the generations which followed the Revolution, was great, but by no means so great as it has lately been in France. For, in England, the aristocracy of intellect had to contend with a powerful and deeply rooted aristocracy of a very different kind. France had no Somersets and

Shrewsburies to keep down her Addisons and Priors.° It was in the year 1699, when Addison had just completed his twenty-seventh year, that the course of his life was finally determined. Both the great chiefs ° of the Ministry were kindly disposed towards him. In political opinions he already was what he continued to be through life, a firm, though a moderate Whig. He had addressed the most polished and vigorous of his early English lines to Somers, and had dedicated to Montague a Latin poem, truly Virgilian, both in style and rhythm, on the peace of Ryswick.° The wish of the young poet's great friends was, it should seem, to employ him in the service of the crown abroad. But an intimate knowledge of the French language was a qualification indispensable to a diplomatist; and this qualification Addison had not acquired. It was, therefore, thought desirable that he should pass some time on the Continent in preparing himself for official employment. His own means were not such as would enable him to travel: but a pension of three hundred pounds a year was procured for him by the interest of the Lord Chancellor. It seems to have been apprehended that some difficulty might be started by the rulers of Magdalene College. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer wrote in the strongest terms

to Hough. The State — such was the purport of Montague's letter — could not, at that time, spare to the Church such a man as Addison. Too many high civil posts were already occupied by adventurers, who, destitute of every liberal art and sentiment, at once pillaged and disgraced the country which they pretended to serve. It had become necessary to recruit for the public service from a very different class, from that class of which Addison was the representative. The close of the Minister's letter was remarkable. "I am called," he said, "an enemy of the Church. But I will never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it."

This interference was successful; and, in the summer of 1699, Addison, made a rich man by his pension, and still retaining his fellowship, quitted his beloved Oxford, and set out on his travels. He crossed from Dover to Calais, proceeded to Paris, and was received there with great kindness and politeness by a kinsman of his friend Montague, Charles Earl of Manchester, who had just been appointed Ambassador to the Court of France. The Countess, a Whig and a toast,° was probably as gracious as her lord; for Addison long retained an agreeable recollection of the impression which she at this time made on him, and, in some

lively lines written on the glasses of the Kit Cat Club,° described the envy which her cheeks, glowing with the genuine bloom of England, had excited among the painted beauties of Versailles.

Lewis the Fourteenth was at this time expiating the vices of his youth by a devotion which had no root in reason, and bore no fruit of charity. The servile literature of France had changed its character to suit the changed character of the prince. No book appeared that had not an air of sanctity. Racine,° who was just dead, had passed the close of his life in writing sacred dramas; and Dacier° was seeking for the Athanasian mysteries in Plato. Addison described this state of things in a short but lively and graceful letter to Montague. Another letter, written about the same time to the Lord Chancellor, conveyed the strongest assurances of gratitude and attachment. "The only return I can make to your Lordship," said Addison, "will be to apply myself entirely to my business." With this view he quitted Paris and repaired to Blois,° a place where it was supposed that the French language was spoken in its highest purity, and where not a single Englishman could be found. Here he passed some months pleasantly and profitably. Of his way of life at Blois, one of his

associates, an Abbé named Philippeaux, gave an account to Joseph Spence.° If this account is to be trusted, Addison studied much, mused much, talked little, had fits of absence, and either had no love affairs, or was too discreet to confide them to the Abbé. A man who, even when surrounded by fellow-countrymen and fellow-students, had always been remarkably shy and silent, was not likely to be loquacious in a foreign tongue, and among foreign companions. But it is clear from Addison's letters, some of which were long after published in the Guardian,° that, while he appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations, he was really observing French society with that keen and sly, yet not ill-natured side glance, which was peculiarly his own.

From Blois he returned to Paris; and, having now mastered the French language, found great pleasure in the society of French philosophers and poets. He gave an account, in a letter to Bishop Hough, of two highly interesting conversations, one with Malbranche,° the other with Boileau.° Malbranche expressed great partiality for the English, and extolled the genius of Newton,° but shook his head when Hobbes° was mentioned, and was indeed so unjust as to call the author of the Leviathan a poor silly

creature. Addison's modesty restrained him from fully relating, in his letter, the circumstances of his introduction to Boileau. Boileau, having survived the friends and rivals of his youth, old, deaf, and melancholy, lived in retirement, seldom went either to Court or to the Academy,° and was almost inaccessible to strangers. Of the English, and of English literature he knew nothing. He had hardly heard the name of Dryden. Some of our countrymen, in the warmth of their patriotism, have asserted that this ignorance must have been affected. We own that we see no ground for such a supposition. English literature was to the French of the age of Lewis the Fourteenth what German literature was to our own grandfathers. Very few, we suspect, of the accomplished men who, sixty or seventy years ago, used to dine in Leicester Square with Sir Joshua,° or at Streatham with Mrs. Thrale,° had the slightest notion that Wieland° was one of the first wits and poets, and Lessing,° beyond all dispute, the first critic in Europe. Boileau knew just as little about the Paradise Lost, and about Absalom and Ahitophel°; but he had read Addison's Latin poems, and admired them greatly. They had given him, he said, quite a new notion of the state of learning and taste among the English. Johnson will

have it that these praises were insincere. "Nothing," says he, "is better known of Boileau than that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and therefore his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation." Now, nothing is better known of Boileau, than that he was singularly sparing of compliments. We do not remember that either friendship or fear ever induced him to bestow praise on any composition which he did not approve. On literary questions, his caustic, disdainful, and self-confident spirit rebelled against that authority to which everything else in France bowed down. He had the spirit to tell Lewis the Fourteenth firmly and even rudely, that his Majesty knew nothing about poetry, and admired verses which were detestable. What was there in Addison's position that could induce the satirist, whose stern and fastidious temper had been the dread of two generations, to turn sycophant for the first and last time? Nor was Boileau's contempt of modern Latin either injudicious or peevish. He thought, indeed, that no poem of the first order would ever be written in a dead language. And did he think amiss? Has not the experience of centuries confirmed his opinion? Boileau also thought it probable that, in the best modern Latin, a writer of the

Augustan age would have detected ludicrous improprieties. And who can think otherwise? What modern scholar can honestly declare that he sees the smallest impurity in the style of Livy? Yet is it not certain that, in the style of Livy, Pollio,° whose taste had been formed on the banks of the Tiber, detected the inelegant idiom of the Po? Has any modern scholar understood Latin better than Frederic the Great understood French? Yet is it not notorious that Frederic the Great, after reading, speaking, writing French, and nothing but French, during more than half a century, after unlearning his mother tongue in order to learn French, after living familiarly during many years with French associates, could not, to the last, compose in French, without imminent risk of committing some mistake which would have moved a smile in the literary circles of Paris? Do we believe that Erasmus° and Fracastorius° wrote Latin as well as Dr. Robertson° and Sir Walter Scott wrote English? And are there not in the Dissertation on India, the last of Dr. Robertson's Works, in Waverley, in Marmion, Scotticisms at which a London apprentice would laugh? But does it follow, because we think thus, that we can find nothing to admire in the noble alcaics of Gray,° or in the playful elegiacs of Vincent

Bourne°? Surely not. Nor was Boileau so ignorant or tasteless as to be incapable of appreciating good modern Latin. In the very letter to which Johnson alludes, Boileau says — "Ne croyez pas pourtant que je veuille par là blâmer les vers Latins que vous m'avez envoyés d'un de vos illustres académiciens. Je les ai trouvés fort beaux, et dignes de Vida et de Sannazar, mais non pas d'Horace et de Virgile."° Several poems, in modern Latin, have been praised by Boileau quite as liberally as it was his habit to praise anything. He says, for example, of the Père Fraguier's° epigrams, that Catullus seems to have come to life again. But the best proof that Boileau did not feel the undiscerning contempt for modern Latin verses, which has been imputed to him, is, that he wrote and published Latin verses in several metres. Indeed it happens, curiously enough, that the most severe censure ever pronounced by him on modern Latin is conveyed in Latin hexameters. We allude to the fragment which begins —

> 'Quid numeris iterum me balbutire Latinis,
> Longe Alpes citra natum de patre Sicambro,
> Musa, jubes ?'°

For these reasons we feel assured that the praise which Boileau bestowed on the *Machinæ Gesticulantes*,°

and the *Gerano-Pygmœomachia*, was sincere. He certainly opened himself to Addison with a freedom which was a sure indication of esteem. Literature was the chief subject of conversation. The old man talked on his favorite theme much and well, indeed, as his young hearer thought, incomparably well. Boileau had undoubtedly some of the qualities of a great critic. He wanted imagination; but he had strong sense. His literary code was formed on narrow principles; but in applying it, he showed great judgment and penetration. In mere style, abstracted from the ideas of which style is the garb, his taste was excellent. He was well acquainted with the great Greek writers; and, though unable fully to appreciate their creative genius, admired the majestic simplicity of their manner, and had learned from them to despise bombast and tinsel. It is easy, we think, to discover in the Spectator° and the Guardian, traces of the influence, in part salutary and in part pernicious, which the mind of Boileau had on the mind of Addison.

While Addison was at Paris, an event took place which made that capital a disagreeable residence for an Englishman and a Whig. Charles, second of the name, King of Spain, died; and bequeathed his dominions to Philip, Duke of Anjou, a younger son of the

Dauphin.° The King of France, in direct violation of his engagements, both with Great Britain and with the States-General,° accepted the bequest on behalf of his grandson. The house of Bourbon was at the summit of human grandeur. England had been outwitted, and found herself in a situation at once degrading and perilous. The people of France, not presaging the calamities by which they were destined to expiate the perfidy of their sovereign, went mad with pride and delight. Every man looked as if a great estate had just been left him. "The French conversation," says Addison, "begins to grow insupportable; that which was before the vainest nation in the world is now worse than ever." Sick of the arrogant exultation of the Parisians, and probably foreseeing that the peace between France and England could not be of long duration, he set off for Italy.

In December, 1700,[1] he embarked at Marseilles. As he glided along the Ligurian coast, he was delighted by the sight of myrtles and olive trees, which retained

[1] It is strange that Addison should, in the first line of his travels, have misdated his departure from Marseilles by a whole year, and still more strange that this slip of the pen, which throws the whole narrative into inextricable confusion, should have been repeated in a succession of editions, and never detected by Tickell or by Hurd.

their verdure under the winter solstice. Soon, however, he encountered one of the black storms of the Mediterranean. The captain of the ship gave up all for lost, and confessed himself to a capuchin who happened to be on board. The English heretic, in the mean time, fortified himself against the terrors of death with devotions of a very different kind. How strong an impression this perilous voyage made on him, appears from the ode,° "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" which was long after published in the Spectator. After some days of discomfort and danger, Addison was glad to land at Savona, and to make his way, over mountains where no road had yet been hewn out by art, to the city of Genoa.°

At Genoa, still ruled by her own Doge, and by the nobles whose names were inscribed on her Book of Gold,° Addison made a short stay. He admired the narrow streets overhung by long lines of towering palaces, the walls rich with frescoes, the gorgeous temple of the Annunciation, and the tapestries whereon were recorded the long glories of the house of Doria. Thence he hastened to Milan, where he contemplated the Gothic magnificence of the cathedral with more wonder than pleasure. He passed Lake Benacus° while a gale was blowing, and saw the waves raging as they raged

when Virgil looked upon them. At Venice, then the gayest spot in Europe, the traveller spent the Carnival, the gayest season of the year, in the midst of masques, dances, and serenades. Here he was at once diverted and provoked by the absurd dramatic pieces which then disgraced the Italian stage. To one of those pieces, however, he was indebted for a valuable hint. He was present when a ridiculous play on the death of Cato was performed. Cato, it seems, was in love with a daughter of Scipio. The lady had given her heart to Cæsar. The rejected lover determined to destroy himself. He appeared seated in his library, a dagger in his hand, a Plutarch and a Tasso ° before him; and, in this position, he pronounced a soliloquy before he struck the blow. We are surprised that so remarkable a circumstance as this should have escaped the notice of all Addison's biographers. There cannot, we conceive, be the smallest doubt that this scene, in spite of its absurdities and anachronisms, struck the traveller's imagination, and suggested to him the thought of bringing Cato on the English stage. It is well known that about this time he began his tragedy, and that he finished the first four acts before he returned to England.

On his way from Venice to Rome, he was drawn

some miles out of the beaten road by a wish to see the smallest independent state in Europe. On a rock where the snow still lay, though the Italian spring was now far advanced, was perched the little fortress of San Marino.° The roads which led to the secluded town were so bad that few travellers had ever visited it, and none had ever published an account of it. Addison could not suppress a good-natured smile at the simple manners and institutions of this singular community. But he observed with the exultation of a Whig, that the rude mountain tract which formed the territory of the republic swarmed with an honest, healthy, and contented peasantry, while the rich plain which surrounded the metropolis of civil and spiritual tyranny was scarcely less desolate than the uncleared wilds of America.

At Rome Addison remained on his first visit only long enough to catch a glimpse of St. Peter's ° and of the Pantheon.° His haste is the more extraordinary because the Holy Week ° was close at hand. He has given no hint which can enable us to pronounce why he chose to fly from a spectacle which every year allures from distant regions persons of far less taste and sensibility than his. Possibly, travelling, as he did, at the charge of a Government distinguished by

its enmity to the Church of Rome, he may have thought that it would be imprudent in him to assist at the most magnificent rite of that Church. Many eyes would be upon him; and he might find it difficult to behave in such a manner as to give offence neither to his patrons in England, nor to those among whom he resided. Whatever his motives may have been, he turned his back on the most august and affecting ceremony which is known among men, and posted along the Appian way to Naples.

Naples was then destitute of what are now, perhaps, its chief attractions. The lovely bay and the awful mountain were indeed there. But a farmhouse stood on the theatre of Herculaneum, and rows of vines grew over the streets of Pompeii. The temples of Pæstum° had not indeed been hidden from the eye of man by any great convulsion of nature; but, strange to say, their existence was a secret even to artists and antiquaries. Though situated within a few hours' journey of a great capital, where Salvator° had not long before painted, and where Vico° was then lecturing, those noble remains were as little known to Europe as the ruined cities overgrown by the forests of Yucatan. What was to be seen at Naples, Addison saw. He climbed Vesuvius, explored the tunnel of Posilipo,°

and wandered among the vines and almond trees of Capreæ.° But neither the wonders of nature, nor those of art, could so occupy his attention as to prevent him from noticing, though cursorily, the abuses of the government and the misery of the people. The great kingdom which had just descended to Philip the Fifth,° was in a state of paralytic dotage. Even Castile and Aragon were sunk in wretchedness. Yet, compared with the Italian dependencies of the Spanish crown, Castile and Aragon might be called prosperous. It is clear that all the observations which Addison made in Italy tended to confirm him in the political opinions which he had adopted at home. To the last, he always spoke of foreign travel as the best cure for Jacobitism.° In his Freeholder,° the Tory fox-hunter° asks what travelling is good for, except to teach a man to jabber French, and to talk against passive obedience.

From Naples, Addison returned to Rome by sea, along the coast which his favorite Virgil had celebrated. The felucca passed the headland where the oar and trumpet were placed by the Trojan adventurers on the tomb of Misenus,° and anchored at night under the shelter of the fabled promontory of Circe. The voyage ended in the Tiber, still overhung with

dark verdure, and still turbid with yellow sand, as when it met the eyes of Æneas. From the ruined port of Ostia, the stranger hurried to Rome; and at Rome he remained during those hot and sickly months° when, even in the Augustan age, all who could make their escape fled from mad dogs and from streets black with funerals, to gather the first figs of the season in the country. It is probable that, when he, long after, poured forth in verse his gratitude to the Providence which had enabled him to breathe unhurt in tainted air, he was thinking of the August and September which he had passed at Rome.

It was not till the latter end of October that he tore himself away from the masterpieces of ancient and modern art which are collected in the city so long the mistress of the world. He then journeyed northward, passed through Sienna, and for a moment forgot his prejudices in favor of classic architecture as he looked on the magnificent cathedral. At Florence he spent some days with the Duke of Shrewsbury,° who, cloyed with the pleasures of ambition, and impatient of its pains, fearing both parties, and loving neither, had determined to hide in an Italian retreat talents and accomplishments which, if they had been united with fixed principles and civil courage, might have

made him the foremost man of his age. These days, we are told, passed pleasantly; and we can easily believe it. For Addison was a delightful companion when he was at his ease; and the Duke, though he seldom forgot that he was a Talbot, had the invaluable art of putting at ease all who came near him.

Addison gave some time to Florence, and especially to the sculptures in the Museum,° which he preferred even to those of the Vatican.° He then pursued his journey through a country in which the ravages of the last war were still discernible, and in which all men were looking forward with a dread to a still fiercer conflict.° Eugene° had already descended from the Rhætian Alps, to dispute with Catinat the rich plain of Lombardy. The faithless ruler of Savoy° was still reckoned among the allies of Lewis. England had not yet actually declared war against France; but Manchester had left Paris; and the negotiations which produced the Grand Alliance° against the House of Bourbon were in progress. Under such circumstances, it was desirable for an English traveller to reach neutral ground without delay. Addison resolved to cross Mont Cenis.° It was December; and the road was very different from that which now reminds the stranger of the power and genius of

Napoleon. The winter, however, was mild; and the passage was, for those times, easy. To this journey Addison alluded when, in the ode which we have already quoted, he said that for him the Divine goodness had warmed the hoary Alpine hills.

It was in the midst of the eternal snow that he composed his Epistle to his friend Montague, now Lord Halifax. That Epistle, once widely renowned, is now known only to curious readers, and will hardly be considered by those to whom it is known as in any perceptible degree heightening Addison's fame. It is, however, decidedly superior to any English composition which he had previously published. Nay, we think it quite as good as any poem in heroic metre which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the publication of the Essay on Criticism. It contains passages as good as the second-rate passages of Pope, and would have added to the reputation of Parnell or Prior.

But, whatever be the literary merits or defects of the Epistle, it undoubtedly does honor to the principles and spirit of the author. Halifax had now nothing to give. He had fallen from power, had been held up to obloquy, had been impeached by the House of Commons, and, though his Peers had

dismissed the impeachment, had, as it seemed, little chance of ever again filling high office. The Epistle, written at such a time, is one among many proofs that there was no mixture of cowardice or meanness in the suavity and moderation which distinguished Addison from all the other public men of those stormy times.

At Geneva, the traveller learned that a partial change of ministry had taken place in England, and that the Earl of Manchester had become Secretary of State. Manchester exerted himself to serve his young friend. It was thought advisable that an English agent should be near the person of Eugene in Italy; and Addison, whose diplomatic education was now finished, was the man selected. He was preparing to enter on his honorable functions, when all his prospects were for a time darkened by the death of William the Third.

Anne had long felt a strong aversion, personal, political, and religious, to the Whig party. That aversion appeared in the first measures of her reign. Manchester was deprived of the seals, after he had held them only a few weeks. Neither Somers nor Halifax was sworn of the Privy Council. Addison shared the fate of his three patrons. His hopes of

employment in the public service were at an end; his pension was stopped; and it was necessary for him to support himself by his own exertions. He became tutor to a young English traveller, and appears to have rambled with his pupil over a great part of Switzerland and Germany. At this time he wrote his pleasing treatise on Medals. It was not published till after his death; but several distinguished scholars saw the manuscript, and gave just praise to the grace of the style, and to the learning and ingenuity evinced by the quotations.

From Germany Addison repaired to Holland, where he learned the melancholy news of his father's death. After passing some months in the United Provinces, he returned about the close of the year 1703 to England. He was there cordially received by his friends, and introduced by them into the Kit Cat Club, a society in which were collected all the various talents and accomplishments which then gave lustre to the Whig party.

Addison was, during some months after his return from the Continent, hard pressed by pecuniary difficulties. But it was soon in the power of his noble patrons to serve him effectually. A political change, silent and gradual, but of the highest importance, was

in daily progress. The accession of Anne had been hailed by the Tories with transports of joy and hope; and for a time it seemed that the Whigs had fallen never to rise again. The throne was surrounded by men supposed to be attached to the prerogative and to the Church; and among these none stood so high in the favor of the sovereign as the Lord Treasurer Godolphin° and the Captain General Marlborough.°

The country gentlemen and the country clergymen had fully expected that the policy of these ministers would be directly opposed to that which had been almost constantly followed by William; that the landed interest would be favored at the expense of trade; that no addition would be made to the funded debt; that the privileges conceded to Dissenters° by the late King would be curtailed, if not withdrawn; that the war with France, if there must be such a war, would, on our part, be almost entirely naval; and that the Government would avoid close connections with foreign powers, and, above all, with Holland.

But the country gentlemen and country clergymen were fated to be deceived, not for the last time. The prejudices and passions which raged without control in the vicarages, in cathedral closes, and in the manor-houses of fox-hunting squires, were not shared by the

chiefs of the ministry. Those statesmen saw that it was both for the public interest and for their own interest, to adopt a Whig policy at least as respected the alliances of the country and the conduct of the war. But, if the foreign policy of the Whigs were adopted, it was impossible to abstain from adopting also their financial policy. The natural consequences followed. The rigid Tories were alienated from the Government. The votes of the Whigs became necessary to it. The votes of the Whigs could be secured only by further concessions; and further concessions the Queen was induced to make.

At the beginning of the year 1704, the state of parties bore a close analogy to the state of parties in 1826. In 1826, as in 1704, there was a Tory ministry divided into two hostile sections. The position of Mr. Canning° and his friends in 1826 corresponded to that which Marlborough and Godolphin occupied in 1704. Nottingham° and Jersey° were, in 1704, what Lord Eldon° and Lord Westmoreland° were in 1826. The Whigs of 1704 were in a situation resembling that in which the Whigs of 1826 stood. In 1704, Somers,° Halifax,° Sunderland,° Cowper,° were not in office. There was no avowed coalition between them and the moderate Tories. It is probable that no di-

rect communication tending to such a coalition had yet taken place; yet all men saw that such a coalition was inevitable, nay, that it was already half formed. Such, or nearly such, was the state of things when tidings arrived of the great battle fought at Blenheim° on the 13th August, 1704. By the Whigs the news was hailed with transports of joy and pride. No fault, no cause of quarrel, could be remembered by them against the Commander whose genius had, in one day, changed the face of Europe, saved the Imperial throne, humbled the House of Bourbon, and secured the Act of Settlement° against foreign hostility. The feeling of the Tories was very different. They could not indeed, without impudence, openly express regret at an event so glorious to their country; but their congratulations were so cold and sullen as to give deep disgust to the victorious general and his friends.

Godolphin was not a reading man. Whatever time he could spare from business he was in the habit of spending at Newmarket° or at the card table. But he was not absolutely indifferent to poetry; and he was too intelligent an observer not to perceive that literature was a formidable engine of political warfare, and that the great Whig leaders had strengthened their party, and raised their character, by extending a lib-

eral and judicious patronage to good writers. He was mortified, and not without reason, by the exceeding badness of the poems which appeared in honor of the battle of Blenheim. One of these poems has been rescued from oblivion by the exquisite absurdity of three lines.

> "Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
> And each man mounted on his capering beast;
> Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals."

Where to procure better verses the Treasurer did not know. He understood how to negotiate a loan, or remit a subsidy: he was also well versed in the history of running horses and fighting cocks; but his acquaintance among the poets was very small. He consulted Halifax; but Halifax affected to decline the office of adviser. He had, he said, done his best, when he had power, to encourage men whose abilities and acquirements might do honor to their country. Those times were over. Other maxims had prevailed. Merit was suffered to pine in obscurity; and the public money was squandered on the undeserving. "I do know," he added, "a gentleman who would celebrate the battle in a manner worthy of the subject; but I will not name him." Godolphin, who was expert at

the soft answer which turneth away wrath, and who was under the necessity of paying court to the Whigs, gently replied that there was too much ground for Halifax's complaints, but that what was amiss should in time be rectified, and that in the mean time the services of a man such as Halifax had described should be liberally rewarded. Halifax then mentioned Addison, but, mindful of the dignity as well as of the pecuniary interest of his friend, insisted that the Minister should apply in the most courteous manner to Addison himself; and this Godolphin promised to do.

Addison then occupied a garret up three pair of stairs, over a small shop in the Haymarket. In this humble lodging he was surprised, on the morning which followed the conversation between Godolphin and Halifax, by a visit from no less a person than the Right Honorable Henry Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and afterwards Lord Carleton. This high-born minister had been sent by the Lord Treasurer as ambassador to the needy poet. Addison readily undertook the proposed task, a task which, to so good a Whig, was probably a pleasure. When the poem was little more than half finished, he showed it to Godolphin, who was delighted with it, and particularly with the famous similitude of the Angel.°

Addison was instantly appointed to a Commissionership worth about two hundred pounds a year, and was assured that this appointment was only an earnest of greater favors.

The Campaign came forth, and was as much admired by the public as by the Minister. It pleases us less on the whole than the Epistle to Halifax. Yet it undoubtedly ranks high among the poems which appeared during the interval between the death of Dryden and the dawn of Pope's genius. The chief merit of the Campaign, we think, is that which was noticed by Johnson, the manly and rational rejection of fiction. The first great poet whose works have come down to us sang of war long before war became a science or a trade. If, in his time, there was enmity between two little Greek towns, each poured forth its crowd of citizens, ignorant of discipline, and armed with implements of labor rudely turned into weapons. On each side appeared conspicuous a few chiefs, whose wealth had enabled them to procure good armor, horses, and chariots, whose leisure had enabled them to practise military exercises. One such chief, if he were a man of great strength, agility, and courage, would probably be more formidable than twenty common men; and the force and dexterity with which he flung

his spear might have no inconsiderable share in deciding the event of the day. Such were probably the battles with which Homer was familiar. But Homer related the actions of men of a former generation, of men who sprang from the Gods, and communed with the Gods face to face, of men, one of whom could with ease hurl rocks which two sturdy hinds of a later period would be unable even to lift. He therefore naturally represented their martial exploits as resembling in kind, but far surpassing in magnitude, those of the stoutest and most expert combatants of his own age. Achilles, clad in celestial armor, drawn by celestial coursers, grasping the spear which none but himself could raise, driving all Troy and Lycia before him, and choking Scamander with dead, was only a magnificent exaggeration of the real hero, who, strong, fearless, accustomed to the use of weapons, guarded by a shield and helmet of the best Sidonian fabric and whirled along by horses of Thessalian breed, struck down with his own right arm foe after foe. In all rude societies similar notions are found. There are at this day countries where the Life-guardsman Shaw ° would be considered as a much greater warrior than the Duke of Wellington. Bonaparte loved to describe the astonishment with which

the Mamelukes° looked at his diminutive figure. Mourad Bey, distinguished above all his fellows by his bodily strength, and by the skill with which he managed his horse and his sabre, could not believe that a man who was scarcely five feet high, and rode like a butcher, could be the greatest soldier in Europe.

Homer's description of war had therefore as much truth as poetry requires. But truth was altogether wanting to the performances of those who, writing about battles which had scarcely anything in common with the battles of his times, servilely imitated his manner. The folly of Silius Italicus, in particular, is positively nauseous. He undertook to record in verse the vicissitudes of a great struggle between generals of the first order: and his narrative is made up of the hideous wounds which these generals inflicted with their own hands. Asdrubal° flings a spear which grazes the shoulder of the consul Nero; but Nero sends his spear into Asdrubal's side. Fabius slays Thuris and Butes and Maris and Arses, and the long-haired Adherbes, and the gigantic Thylis, and Sapharus and Monæsus, and the trumpeter Morinus. Hannibal runs Perusinus through the groin with a stake, and breaks the backbone of Telesinus with a huge stone. This detestable fashion was copied in

modern times, and continued to prevail down to the age of Addison. Several versifiers had described William turning thousands to flight by his single prowess, and dyeing the Boyne° with Irish blood. Nay, so estimable a writer as John Philips,° the author of the Splendid Shilling,° represented Marlborough as having won the battle of Blenheim merely by strength of muscle and skill in fence. The following lines may serve as an example:

"Churchill, viewing where
The violence of Tallard° most prevailed,
Came to oppose his slaughtering arm. With speed
Precipitate he rode, urging his way
O'er hills of gasping heroes, and fallen steeds
Rolling in death. Destruction, grim with blood,
Attends his furious course. Around his head
The glowing balls play innocent, while he
With dire impetuous sway deals fatal blows
Among the flying Gauls. In Gallic blood
He dyes his reeking sword, and strews the ground
With headless ranks. What can they do? Or how
Withstand his wide-destroying sword?"

Addison, with excellent sense and taste, departed from this ridiculous fashion. He reserved his praise for the qualities which made Marlborough truly great, energy, sagacity, military science. But, above all, the

poet extolled the firmness of that mind which, in the midst of confusion, uproar, and slaughter, examined and disposed everything with the serene wisdom of a higher intelligence.

Here it was that he introduced the famous comparison of Marlborough to an Angel guiding the whirlwind. We will not dispute the general justice of Johnson's remarks on this passage. But we must point out one circumstance which appears to have escaped all the critics. The extraordinary effect which the simile produced when it first appeared, and which to the following generation seemed inexplicable, is doubtless to be chiefly attributed to a line which most readers now regard as a feeble parenthesis,

"Such as, of late, o'er pale Britannia pass'd."

Addison spoke, not of a storm, but of the storm. The great tempest of November, 1703, the only tempest which in our latitude has equalled the rage of a tropical hurricane, had left a dreadful recollection in the minds of all men. No other tempest was ever in this country the occasion of a parliamentary address or of a public fast. Whole fleets had been cast away. Large mansions had been blown down. One Prelate

had been buried beneath the ruins of his palace. London and Bristol had presented the appearance of cities just sacked. Hundreds of families were still in mourning. The prostrate trunks of large trees, and the ruins of houses still attested, in all the southern counties, the fury of the blast. The popularity which the simile of the angel enjoyed among Addison's contemporaries, has always seemed to us to be a remarkable instance of the advantage which, in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the general.

Soon after the Campaign, was published Addison's narrative of his Travels in Italy. The first effect produced by this Narrative was disappointment. The crowd of readers who expected politics and scandal, speculations on the projects of Victor Amadeus,° and anecdotes about the jollities of convents and the amours of cardinals and nuns, were confounded by finding that the writer's mind was much more occupied by the war between the Trojans and Rutulians° than by the war between France and Austria; and that he seemed to have heard no scandal of later date than the gallantries of the Empress Faustina.° In time, however, the judgment of the many was overruled by that of the few, and, before the book was reprinted, it was so eagerly sought that it sold for five times the

original price. It is still read with pleasure: the style is pure and flowing; the classical quotations and allusions are numerous and happy; and we are now and then charmed by that singularly humane and delicate humor in which Addison excelled all men. Yet this agreeable work, even when considered merely as the history of a literary tour, may justly be censured on account of its faults of omission. We have already said that, though rich in extracts from the Latin poets, it contains scarcely any references to the Latin orators and historians. We must add, that it contains little, or rather no information, respecting the history and literature of modern Italy. To the best of our remembrance, Addison does not mention Dante,° Petrarch,° Boccaccio,° Boiardo,° Berni,° Lorenzo de' Medici,° or Machiavelli.° He coldly tells us that at Ferrara he saw the tomb of Ariosto,° and that at Venice he heard the gondoliers sing verses of Tasso.° But for Tasso and Ariosto he cared far less than for Valerius Flaccus° and Sidonius Apollinaris.° The gentle flow of the Ticin° brings a line of Silius to his mind. The sulphurous steam of Albula suggests to him several passages of Martial.° But he has not a word to say of the illustrious dead of Santa Croce°; he crosses the wood of Ravenna without recollecting the Spectre

Huntsman,° and wanders up and down Rimini without one thought of Francesca.° At Paris he had eagerly sought an introduction to Boileau; but he seems not to have been at all aware that at Florence he was in the vicinity of a poet with whom Boileau could not sustain a comparison, of the greatest lyric poet of modern times, Vincenzio Filicaja.° This is the most remarkable, because Filicaja was the favorite poet of the accomplished Somers, under whose protection Addison travelled, and to whom the account of the Travels is dedicated. The truth is, that Addison knew little and cared less, about the literature of modern Italy. His favorite models were Latin. His favorite critics were French. Half the Tuscan poetry that he had read seemed to him monstrous, and the other half tawdry.°

His Travels were followed by the lively Opera of Rosamond.° The piece was ill set to music, and therefore failed on the stage, but it completely succeeded in print, and is indeed excellent in its kind. The smoothness with which the verses glide, and the elasticity with which they bound, is, to our ears at least, very pleasing. We are inclined to think that if Addison had left heroic couplets to Pope, and blank verse to Rowe,° and had employed himself in writing airy

and spirited songs, his reputation as a poet would have stood far higher than it now does. Some years after his death, Rosamond was set to new music by Doctor Arne°; and was performed with complete success. Several passages long retained their popularity, and were daily sung, during the latter part of George the Second's reign, at all the harpsichords in England.

While Addison thus amused himself, his prospects, and the prospects of his party, were constantly becoming brighter and brighter. In the spring of 1705 the ministers were freed from the restraint imposed by a House of Commons in which Tories of the most perverse class had the ascendency. The elections were favorable to the Whigs. The coalition which had been tacitly and gradually formed was now openly avowed. The Great Seal was given to Cowper. Somers and Halifax were sworn of the Council. Halifax was sent in the following year to carry the decoration of the order of the garter° of the electoral Prince of Hanover,° and was accompanied on this honorable mission by Addison, who had just been made Under Secretary of State. The Secretary of State under whom Addison first served was Sir Charles Hedges, a Tory. But Hedges was soon dismissed to make room for the most vehement of Whigs, Charles, Earl of

Sunderland. In every department of the state, indeed, the High Churchmen were compelled to give place to their opponents. At the close of 1707, the Tories who still remained in office strove to rally, with Harley° at their head. But the attempt, though favored by the Queen, who had always been a Tory at heart, and who had now quarrelled with the Duchess of Marlborough,° was unsuccessful. The time was not yet. The Captain General° was at the height of popularity and glory. The Low Church party had a majority in Parliament. The country squires and rectors, though occasionally uttering a savage growl, were for the most part in a state of torpor, which lasted till they were roused into activity, and indeed into madness, by the prosecution of Sacheverell.° Harley and his adherents were compelled to retire. The victory of the Whigs was complete. At the general election of 1708, their strength in the House of Commons became irresistible; and before the end of that year, Somers was made Lord President of the Council, and Wharton° Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Addison sat for Malmesbury in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708. But the House of Commons was not the field for him. The bashfulness of his nature made his wit and eloquence useless in

debate. He once rose, but could not overcome his diffidence, and ever after remained silent. Nobody can think it strange that a great writer should fail as a speaker. But many, probably, will think it strange that Addison's failure as a speaker should have had no unfavorable effect on his success as a politician. In our time, a man of high rank and great fortune might, though speaking very little and very ill, hold a considerable post. But it would now be inconceivable that a mere adventurer, a man who, when out of office, must live by his pen, should in a few years become successively Under Secretary of State, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Secretary of State, without some oratorical talent. Addison, without high birth, and with little property, rose to a post which Dukes, the heads of the great houses of Talbot,° Russell,° and Bentinck,° have thought it an honor to fill. Without opening his lips in debate, he rose to a post, the highest that Chatham° or Fox° ever reached. And this he did before he had been nine years in Parliament. We must look for the explanation of this seeming miracle to the peculiar circumstances in which that generation was placed. During the interval which elapsed between the time when the Censorship of the Press° ceased, and the time when parliamentary pro-

ceedings began to be freely reported, literary talents were, to a public man, of much more importance, and oratorical talents of much less importance, than in our time. At present the best way of giving rapid and wide publicity to a fact or an argument is to introduce that fact or argument into a speech made in Parliament. If a political tract were to appear superior to the Conduct of the Allies,° or to the best numbers of the Freeholder,° the circulation of such a tract would be languid indeed when compared with the circulation of every remarkable word uttered in the deliberations of the legislature. A speech made in the House of Commons at four in the morning is on thirty thousand tables before ten. A speech made on the Monday is read on the Wednesday by multitudes in Antrim° and Aberdeenshire.° The orator, by the help of the short-hand writer, has to a great extent superseded the pamphleteer. It was not so in the reign of Anne. The best speech could then produce no effect except on those who heard it. It was only by means of the press that the opinion of the public without doors could be influenced; and the opinion of the public without doors could not but be of the highest importance in a country governed by parliaments, and indeed at that time governed by triennial parliaments. The pen

was therefore a more formidable political engine than the tongue. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox contended only in Parliament. But Walpole° and Pulteney,° the Pitt and Fox of an earlier period, had not done half of what was necessary, when they sat down amidst the acclamations of the House of Commons. They had still to plead their cause before the country, and this they could only do by means of the press. Their works are now forgotten. But it is certain that there were in Grub Street° few more assiduous scribblers of Thoughts, Letters, Answers, Remarks, than these two great chiefs of parties. Pulteney, when leader of the Opposition, and possessed of thirty thousand a year, edited the Craftsman.° Walpole, though not a man of literary habits, was the author of at least ten pamphlets, and retouched and corrected many more. These facts sufficiently show of how great importance literary assistance then was to the contending parties. St. John° was, certainly, in Anne's reign, the best Tory speaker; Cowper was probably the best Whig speaker. But it may well be doubted whether St. John did so much for the Tories as Swift, and whether Cowper did so much for the Whigs as Addison. When these things are duly considered, it will not be thought strange that Addison should have climbed higher in the

state than any other Englishman has ever, by means merely of literary talents, been able to climb. Swift would, in all probability, have climbed as high, if he had not been encumbered by his cassock and his pudding sleeves. As far as the homage of the great went, Swift had as much of it as if he had been Lord Treasurer.

To the influence which Addison derived from his literary talents was added all the influence which arises from character. The world, always ready to think the worst of needy political adventurers, was forced to make one exception. Restlessness, violence, audacity, laxity of principle, are the vices ordinarily attributed to that class of men. But faction itself could not deny that Addison had, through all changes of fortune, been strictly faithful to his early opinions, and to his early friends; that his integrity was without stain; that his whole deportment indicated a fine sense of the becoming; that, in the utmost heat of controversy, his zeal was tempered by a regard for truth, humanity, and social decorum; that no outrage could ever provoke him to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman; and that his only faults were a too sensitive delicacy, and a modesty which amounted to bashfulness.

He was undoubtedly one of the most popular men of

his time; and much of his popularity he owed, we believe, to that very timidity which his friends lamented. That timidity often prevented him from exhibiting his talents to the best advantage. But it propitiated Nemesis.° It averted that envy which would otherwise have been excited by fame so splendid, and by so rapid an elevation. No man is so great a favorite with the public as he who is at once an object of admiration, of respect, and of pity; and such were the feelings which Addison inspired. Those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing his familiar conversation, declared with one voice that it was superior even to his writings. The brilliant Mary Montague° said, that she had known all the wits, and that Addison was the best company in the world. The malignant Pope was forced to own, that there was a charm in Addison's talk, which could be found nowhere else. Swift, when burning with animosity against the Whigs, could not but confess to Stella° that, after all, he had never known any associate so agreeable as Addison. Steele,° an excellent judge of lively conversation, said, that the conversation of Addison was at once the most polite, and the most mirthful, that could be imagined; that it was Terence° and Catullus in one, heightened by an exquisite something which was

neither Terence nor Catullus, but Addison alone. Young,° an excellent judge of serious conversation, said, that when Addison was at his ease, he went on in a noble strain of thought and language, so as to chain the attention of every hearer. Nor were Addison's great colloquial powers more admirable than the courtesy and softness of heart which appeared in his conversation. At the same time, it would be too much to say that he was wholly devoid of the malice which is, perhaps, inseparable from a keen sense of the ludicrous. He had one habit which both Swift and Stella applauded, and which we hardly know how to blame. If his first attempts to set a presuming dunce right were ill received, he changed his tone, "assented with civil leer," and lured the flattered coxcomb deeper and deeper into absurdity. That such was his practice we should, we think, have guessed from his works. The Tatler's criticisms on Mr. Softly's° sonnet, and the Spectator's dialogue with the politician who is so zealous for the honor of Lady Q—p—t—s, are excellent specimens of this innocent mischief.

Such were Addison's talents for conversation. But his rare gifts were not exhibited to crowds or to strangers. As soon as he entered a large company, as soon

as he saw an unknown face, his lips were sealed, and his manners became constrained. None who met him only in great assemblies would have been able to believe that he was the same man who had often kept a few friends listening and laughing round a table, from the time when the play ended, till the clock of St. Paul's in Covent Garden° struck four. Yet, even at such a table, he was not seen to the best advantage. To enjoy his conversation in the highest perfection, it was necessary to be alone with him, and to hear him, in his own phrase, think aloud. "There is no such thing," he used to say, "as real conversation, but between two persons."

This timidity, a timidity surely neither ungraceful nor unamiable, led Addison into the two most serious faults which can with justice be imputed to him. He found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect, and was therefore too easily seduced into convivial excess. Such excess was in that age regarded, even by grave men, as the most venial of all peccadilloes, and was so far from being a mark of ill-breeding, that it was almost essential to the character of a fine gentleman. But the smallest speck is seen on a white ground; and almost all the biographers of Addison have said something about this failing. Of

any other statesman or writer of Queen Anne's reign, we should no more think of saying that he sometimes took too much wine, than that he wore a long wig and a sword.

To the excessive modesty of Addison's nature we must ascribe another fault which generally arises from a very different cause. He became a little too fond of seeing himself surrounded by a small circle of admirers, to whom he was as a King or rather as a God. All these men were far inferior to him in ability, and some of them had very serious faults. Nor did those faults escape his observation; for, if ever there was an eye that saw through and through men, it was the eye of Addison. But with the keenest observation, and the finest sense of the ridiculous, he had a large charity. The feeling with which he looked on most of his humble companions was one of benevolence, slightly tinctured with contempt. He was at perfect ease in their company; he was grateful for their devoted attachment; and he loaded them with benefits. Their veneration for him appears to have exceeded that with which Johnson was regarded by Boswell,° or Warburton° by Hurd.° It was not in the power of adulation to turn such a head, or deprave such a heart, as Addison's. But it must in candor be ad-

mitted that he contracted some of the faults which can scarcely be avoided by any person who is so unfortunate as to be the oracle of a small literary coterie.

One member of this little society was Eustace Budgell,° a young Templar of some literature, and a distant relation of Addison. There was at this time no stain on the character of Budgell, and it is not improbable that his career would have been prosperous and honorable, if the life of his cousin had been prolonged. But, when the master was laid in the grave, the disciple broke loose from all restraint, descended rapidly from one degree of vice and misery to another, ruined his fortune by follies, attempted to repair it by crimes, and at length closed a wicked and unhappy life by self-murder. Yet, to the last, the wretched man, gambler, lampooner, cheat, forger, as he was, retained his affection and veneration for Addison, and recorded those feelings in the last lines which he traced before he hid himself from infamy under London Bridge.

Another of Addison's favorite companions was Ambrose Phillipps,° a good Whig and a middling poet, who had the honor of bringing into fashion a species of composition which has been called, after his name, Namby Pamby. But the most remarkable members

of the little senate, as Pope long afterwards called it, were Richard Steele and Thomas Tickell.°

Steele had known Addison from childhood. They had been together at the Charter House and at Oxford; but circumstances had then, for a time, separated them widely. Steele had left college without taking a degree, had been disinherited by a rich relation, had led a vagrant life, had served in the army, had tried to find the philosopher's stone, and had written a religious treatise and several comedies. He was one of those people whom it is impossible either to hate or to respect. His temper was sweet, his affections warm, his spirits lively, his passions strong, and his principles weak. His life was spent in sinning and repenting; in inculcating what was right, and doing what was wrong. In speculation, he was a man of piety and honor; in practice he was much of the rake and a little of the swindler. He was, however, so good-natured that it was not easy to be seriously angry with him, and that even rigid moralists felt more inclined to pity than to blame him, when he diced himself into a spunging house° or drank himself into a fever. Addison regarded Steele with kindness not unmingled with scorn, tried, with little success, to keep him out of scrapes, introduced him to the great,

procured a place for him, corrected his plays, and, though by no means rich, lent him large sums of money. One of these loans appears, from a letter dated in August, 1708, to have amounted to a thousand pounds. These pecuniary transactions probably led to frequent bickerings. It is said that, on one occasion, Steele's negligence, or dishonesty, provoked Addison to repay himself by the help of a bailiff. We cannot join with Miss Aikin in rejecting this story. Johnson heard it from Savage, who heard it from Steele. Few private transactions which took place a hundred and twenty years ago, are proved by stronger evidence than this. But we can by no means agree with those who condemn Addison's severity. The most amiable of mankind may well be moved to indignation, when what he has earned hardly, and lent with great inconvenience to himself, for the purpose of relieving a friend in distress, is squandered with insane profusion. We will illustrate our meaning by an example which is not the less striking because it is taken from fiction. Dr. Harrison, in Fielding's° Amelia, is represented as the most benevolent of human beings; yet he takes in execution, not only the goods, but the person of his friend Booth. Dr. Harrison resorts to this strong measure because he has been

informed that Booth, while pleading poverty as an excuse for not paying just debts, has been buying fine jewelry, and setting up a coach. No person who is well acquainted with Steele's life and correspondence can doubt that he behaved quite as ill to Addison as Booth was accused of behaving to Dr. Harrison. The real history, we have little doubt, was something like this: — A letter comes to Addison, imploring help in pathetic terms, promising reformation and speedy repayment. Poor Dick declares that he has not an inch of candle, or a bushel of coals, or credit with the butcher for a shoulder of mutton. Addison is moved. He determines to deny himself some medals which are wanting to his series of the Twelve Cæsars; to put off buying the new edition of Bayle's ° Dictionary; and to wear his old sword and buckles another year. In this way he manages to send a hundred pounds to his friend. The next day he calls on Steele, and finds scores of gentlemen and ladies assembled. The fiddles are playing. The table is groaning under Champagne, Burgundy, and pyramids of sweetmeats. Is it strange that a man whose kindness is thus abused, should send sheriff's officers to reclaim what is due to him?

Tickell was a young man, fresh from Oxford, who had introduced himself to public notice by writing

a most ingenious and graceful little poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond. He deserved, and at length attained, the first place in Addison's friendship. For a time Steele and Tickell were on good terms. But they loved Addison too much to love each other, and at length became as bitter enemies as the rival bulls in Virgil.

At the close of 1708 Wharton became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and appointed Addison Chief Secretary. Addison was consequently under the necessity of quitting London for Dublin. Besides the chief secretaryship, which was then worth about two thousand pounds a year, he obtained a patent appointing him keeper of the Irish Records for life, with a salary of three or four hundred a year. Budgell accompanied his cousin in the capacity of private Secretary.

Wharton and Addison had nothing in common but Whiggism. The Lord Lieutenant was not only licentious and corrupt, but was distinguished from other libertines and jobbers by a callous impudence which presented the strongest contrast to the Secretary's gentleness and delicacy. Many parts of the Irish administration at this time appear to have deserved serious blame. But against Addison there was not a

murmur. He long afterwards asserted, what all the evidence which we have ever seen tends to prove, that his diligence and integrity gained the friendship of all the most considerable persons in Ireland.

The parliamentary career of Addison in Ireland has, we think, wholly escaped the notice of all his biographers. He was elected member for the borough of Cavan in the summer of 1709; and in the journals of two sessions his name frequently occurs. Some of the entries appear to indicate that he so far overcame his timidity as to make speeches. Nor is this by any means improbable; for the Irish House of Commons was a far less formidable audience than the English House; and many tongues which were tied by fear in the greater assembly became fluent in the smaller. Gerard Hamilton,° for example, who, from fear of losing the fame gained by his single speech, sat mute at Westminster during forty years, spoke with great effect at Dublin when he was Secretary to Lord Halifax.

While Addison was in Ireland, an event occurred to which he owes his high and permanent rank among British writers. As yet his fame rested on performances which, though highly respectable, were not built for duration, and which would, if he had pro-

duced nothing else, have now been almost forgotten, on some excellent Latin verses, on some English verses which occasionally rose above mediocrity, and on a book of travels, agreeably written, but not indicating any extraordinary powers of mind. These works showed him to be a man of taste, sense, and learning. The time had come when he was to prove himself a man of genius, and to enrich our literature with compositions which will live as long as the English language.

In the spring of 1709 Steele formed a literary project, of which he was far indeed from foreseeing the consequences. Periodical papers had during many years been published in London. Most of these were political; but in some of them questions of morality, taste, and love casuistry had been discussed. The literary merit of these works was small indeed; and even their names are now known only to the curious.

Steele had been appointed Gazetteer° by Sunderland, at the request, it is said, of Addison, and thus had access to foreign intelligence earlier and more authentic than was in those times within the reach of an ordinary newswriter. This circumstance seems to have suggested to him the scheme of publishing a

periodical paper on a new plan. It was to appear on the days on which the post left London for the country, which were, in that generation, the Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. It was to contain the foreign news, accounts of theatrical representations, and the literary gossip of Will's and of the Grecian. It was also to contain remarks on the fashionable topics of the day, compliments to beauties, pasquinades on noted sharpers, and criticisms on popular preachers. The aim of Steele does not appear to have been at first higher than this. He was not ill qualified to conduct the work which he had planned. His public intelligence he drew from the best sources. He knew the town, and had paid dear for his knowledge. He had read much more than the dissipated men of that time were in the habit of reading. He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes. His style was easy and not incorrect; and, though his wit and humor were of no high order, his gay animal spirits imparted to his compositions an air of vivacity which ordinary readers could hardly distinguish from common genius. His writings have been well compared to those light wines which, though deficient in body and flavor, are yet a pleasant small drink, if not kept too long, or carried too far.

Isaac Bickerstaff,° Esquire, Astrologer, was an imaginary person, almost as well known in that age as Mr. Paul Pry or Mr. Samuel Pickwick in ours. Swift had assumed the name of Bickerstaff in a satirical pamphlet against Partridge, the maker of almanacs. Partridge had been fool enough to publish a furious reply. Bickerstaff had rejoined in a second pamphlet still more diverting than the first. All the wits had combined to keep up the joke, and the town was long in convulsions of laughter. Steele determined to employ the name, which this controversy had made popular; and, in 1709, it was announced that Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire, Astrologer, was about to publish a paper called the Tatler.°

Addison had not been consulted about this scheme: but as soon as he heard of it he determined to give his assistance. The effect of that assistance cannot be better described than in Steele's own words. "I fared," he said, "like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary. When I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." "The paper," he says elsewhere, "was advanced indeed. It was raised to a greater thing than I intended it."

It is probable that Addison, when he sent across St.

George's Channel his first contributions to the Tatler, had no notion of the extent and variety of his own powers. He was the possessor of a vast mine, rich with a hundred ores. But he had been acquainted only with the least precious part of his treasures, and had hitherto contented himself with producing sometimes copper and sometimes lead, intermingled with a little silver. All at once, and by mere accident, he had lighted on an inexhaustible vein of the finest gold.

The mere choice and arrangement of his words would have sufficed to make his essays classical. For never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple,° had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. But this was the smallest part of Addison's praise. Had he clothed his thoughts in the half French style of Horace Walpole,° or in the half Latin style of Dr. Johnson, or in the half German jargon of the present day, his genius would have triumphed over all faults of manner. As a moral satirist he stands unrivalled. If ever the best Tatlers and Spectators were equalled in their own kind, we should be inclined to guess that it must have been by the lost comedies of Menander.°

In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior

to Cowley or Butler.° No single ode of Cowley contains so many happy analogies as are crowded into the lines to Sir Godfrey Kneller°; and we would undertake to collect from the Spectators as great a number of ingenious illustrations as can be found in Hudibras. The still higher faculty of invention Addison possessed in still larger measure. The numerous fictions, generally original, often wild and grotesque, but always singularly graceful and happy, which are found in his essays, fully entitle him to the rank of a great poet, a rank to which his metrical compositions give him no claim. As an observer of life, of manner, of all the shades of human character, he stands in the first class. And what he observed he had the art of communicating in two widely different ways. He could describe virtues, vices, habits, whims, as well as Clarendon.° But he could do something better. He could call human beings into existence, and make them exhibit themselves. If we wish to find anything more vivid than Addison's best portraits, we must go either to Shakespeare or Cervantes.°

But what shall we say of Addison's humor, of his sense of the ludicrous, of his power of awakening that sense in others, and of drawing mirth from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of

temper and manner, such as may be found in every man? We feel the charm: we give ourselves up to it: but we strive in vain to analyze it.

Perhaps the best way of describing Addison's peculiar pleasantry is to compare it with the pleasantry of some other great satirists. The three most eminent masters of the art of ridicule during the eighteenth century, were, we conceive, Addison, Swift, and Voltaire.° Which of the three had the greatest power of moving laughter may be questioned. But each of them, within his own domain, was supreme.

Voltaire is the prince of buffoons. His merriment is without disguise or restraint. He gambols; he grins; he shakes the sides; he points the finger; he turns up the nose; he shoots out the tongue. The manner of Swift is the very opposite to this. He moves laughter, but never joins in it. He appears in his works such as he appeared in society. All the company are convulsed with merriment, while the Dean, the author of all the mirth, preserves an invincible gravity, and even sourness of aspect, and gives utterance to the most eccentric and ludicrous fancies, with the air of a man reading the commination service.

The manner of Addison is as remote from that of Swift as from that of Voltaire. He neither laughs

out like the French wit, nor, like the Irish wit, throws a double portion of severity into his countenance while laughing inwardly, but preserves a look peculiarly his own, a look of demure serenity, disturbed only by an arch sparkle of the eye, an almost imperceptible elevation of the brow, an almost imperceptible curl of the lip. His tone is never that either of a Jack Pudding° or of a Cynic.° It is that of a gentleman, in whom the quickest sense of the ridiculous is constantly tempered by good nature and good breeding.

We own that the humor of Addison is, in our opinion, of a more delicate flavor than the humor of either Swift or Voltaire. Thus much, at least, is certain, that both Swift and Voltaire have been successfully mimicked, and that no man has yet been able to mimic Addison. The letter of the Abbé Coyer° to Pansophe is Voltaire all over, and imposed, during a long time on the Academicians of Paris. There are passages in Arbuthnot's° satirical works which we, at least, cannot distinguish from Swift's best writing. But of the many eminent men who have made Addison their model, though several have copied his mere diction with happy effect, none have been able to catch the tone of his pleasantry. In the World,° in

the Connoisseur, in the Mirror, in the Lounger, there are numerous papers written in obvious imitation of his Tatlers and Spectators. Most of these papers have some merit: many are very lively and amusing; but there is not a single one which could be passed off as Addison's on a critic of the smallest perspicacity.

But that which chiefly distinguishes Addison from Swift, from Voltaire, from almost all the other great masters of ridicule, is the grace, the nobleness, the moral purity, which we find even in his merriment. Severity, gradually hardening and darkening into misanthropy, characterizes the works of Swift. The nature of Voltaire was, indeed, not inhuman; but he venerated nothing. Neither in the masterpieces of art nor in the purest examples of virtue, neither in the Great First Cause nor in the awful enigma of the grave, could he see anything but subjects for drollery. The more solemn and august the theme, the more monkey-like was his grimacing and chattering. The mirth of Swift is the mirth of Mephistopheles°; the mirth of Voltaire is the mirth of Puck.° If, as Soame Jenyns° oddly imagined, a portion of the happiness of Seraphim and just men made perfect be derived from an exquisite perception of the ludicrous, their mirth

must surely be none other than the mirth of Addison; a mirth consistent with tender compassion for all that is frail, and with profound reverence for all that is sublime. Nothing great, nothing amiable, no moral duty, no doctrine of natural or revealed religion, has ever been associated by Addison with any degrading idea. His humanity is without a parallel in literary history. The highest proof of virtue is to possess boundless power without abusing it. No kind of power is more formidable than the power of making men ridiculous; and that power Addison possessed in boundless measure. How grossly that power was abused by Swift and by Voltaire is well known. But of Addison it may be confidently affirmed that he has blackened no man's character, nay, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in all the volumes which he has left us a single taunt which can be called ungenerous or unkind. Yet he had detractors, whose malignity might have seemed to justify as terrible a revenge as that which men, not superior to him in genius, wreaked on Bettesworth° and on Franc de Pompignan.° He was a politician; he was the best writer of his party; he lived in times of fierce excitement, in times when persons of high character and station stooped to scurrility such as is now practised

only by the basest of mankind. Yet no provocation and no example could induce him to return railing for railing.

Of the service which his essays rendered to morality it is difficult to speak too highly. It is true, that, when the Tatler appeared, that age of outrageous profaneness and licentiousness which followed the Restoration had passed away. Jeremy Collier° had shamed the theatres into something which, compared with the excesses of Etherege° and Wycherley,° might be called decency. Yet there still lingered in the public mind a pernicious notion that there was some connection between genius and profligacy, between the domestic virtues and the sullen formality of the Puritans. That error it is the glory of Addison to have dispelled. He taught the nation that the faith and the morality of Hale° and Tillotson° might be found in company with wit more sparkling than the wit of Congreve, and with humor richer than the humor of Vanbrugh.° So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool. And this revolution, the greatest and most salutary ever effected by any satirist, he

accomplished, be it remembered, without writing one personal lampoon.

In the early contributions of Addison to the Tatler his peculiar powers were not fully exhibited. Yet from the first, his superiority to all his coadjutors was evident. Some of his later Tatlers are fully equal to anything that he ever wrote. Among the portraits, we most admire Tom Folio,° Ned Softly,° and the Political Upholsterer.° The proceedings of the Court of Honor,° the Thermometer of Zeal,° the story of the Frozen Words,° the Memoirs of the Shilling,° are excellent specimens of that ingenious and lively species of fiction in which Addison excelled all men. There is one still better paper of the same class. But though that paper, a hundred and thirty-three years ago, was probably thought as edifying as one of Smalridge's° sermons, we dare not indicate it to the squeamish readers of the nineteenth century.

During the session of Parliament which commenced in November, 1709, and which the impeachment of Sacheverell has made memorable, Addison appears to have resided in London. The Tatler was now more popular than any periodical paper had ever been; and his connection with it was generally known. It was not known, however, that almost everything good in

the Tatler was his. The truth is, that the fifty or sixty numbers which we owe to him were not merely the best, but so decidedly the best that any five of them are more valuable than all the two hundred numbers in which he had no share.°

He required, at this time, all the solace which he could derive from literary success. The Queen had always disliked the Whigs. She had during some years disliked the Marlborough family. But, reigning by a disputed title, she could not venture directly to oppose herself to a majority of both Houses of Parliament; and, engaged as she was in a war° on the event of which her own Crown was staked, she could not venture to disgrace a great and successful general. But at length, in the year 1710, the causes which had restrained her from showing her aversion to the Low Church party ceased to operate. The trial of Sacheverell produced an outbreak of public feeling scarcely less violent than the outbreaks which we can ourselves remember in 1820, and in 1831.° The country gentlemen, the country clergymen, the rabble of the towns, were all for once, on the same side. It was clear that, if a general election took place before the excitement abated, the Tories would have a majority. The services of Marlborough had been so splendid that they

were no longer necessary. The Queen's throne was secure from all attacks on the part of Lewis. Indeed, it seemed much more likely that the English and German armies would divide the spoils of Versailles ° and Marli ° than that a Marshal of France would bring back the Pretender to St. James's.° The Queen, acting by the advice of Harley, determined to dismiss her servants. In June the change commenced. Sunderland was the first who fell. The Tories exulted over his fall. The Whigs tried, during a few weeks, to persuade themselves that her Majesty had acted only from personal dislike to the Secretary, and that she meditated no further alteration. But, early in August, Godolphin was surprised by a letter from Anne, which directed him to break his white staff.° Even after this event, the irresolution or dissimulation of Harley kept up the hopes of the Whigs during another month: and then the ruin became rapid and violent. The Parliament was dissolved. The Ministers were turned out. The Tories were called to office. The tide of popularity ran violently in favor of the High Church party. That party, feeble in the late House of Commons, was now irresistible. The power which the Tories had thus suddenly acquired, they used with blind and stupid ferocity. The howl which the whole

pack set up for prey and for blood appalled even him who had roused and unchained them. When, at this distance of time, we calmly review the conduct of the discarded ministers, we cannot but feel a movement of indignation at the injustice with which they were treated. No body of men had ever administered the government with more energy, ability, and moderation; and their success had been proportioned to their wisdom. They had saved Holland and Germany. They had humbled France. They had, as it seemed, all but torn Spain from the house of Bourbon. They had made England the first power in Europe. At home they had united England and Scotland. They had respected the rights of conscience and the liberty of the subjects. They retired, leaving their country at the height of prosperity and glory. And yet they were pursued to their retreat by such a roar of obloquy as was never raised against the government which threw away thirteen colonies, or against the government which sent a gallant army to perish in the ditches of Walcheren.°

None of the Whigs suffered more in the general wreck than Addison. He had just sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, of the nature of which we are imperfectly informed, when his Secretaryship was

taken from him. He had reason to believe that he should also be deprived of the small Irish office which he held by patent. He had just resigned his Fellowship. It seems probable that he had already ventured to raise his eyes to a great lady, and that, while his political friends were in power, and while his own fortunes were rising, he had been, in the phrase of the romances which were then fashionable, permitted to hope. But Mr. Addison the ingenious writer, and Mr. Addison the Chief Secretary, were, in her ladyship's opinion, two very different persons. All these calamities united, however, could not disturb the serene cheerfulness of a mind conscious of innocence, and rich in its own wealth. He told his friends, with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy, that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his Fellowship, and his mistress, that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever.

He had one consolation. Of the unpopularity which his friends had incurred, he had no share. Such was the esteem with which he was regarded that, while the most violent measures were taken for the purpose of forcing Tory members on Whig corporations, he was returned to Parliament without even a contest. Swift,

who was now in London, and who had already determined on quitting the Whigs, wrote to Stella in these remarkable words: "The Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe if he had a mind to be king he would hardly be refused."

The good-will with which the Tories regarded Addison is the more honorable to him, because it had not been purchased by any concession on his part. During the general election he published a political Journal, entitled the Whig Examiner.° Of that Journal, it may be sufficient to say that Johnson, in spite of his strong political prejudices, pronounced it to be superior in wit to any of Swift's writings on the other side. When it ceased to appear, Swift, in a letter to Stella, expressed his exultation at the death of so formidable an antagonist. "He might well rejoice," says Johnson, "at the death of that which he could not have killed." "On no occasion," he adds, "was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear."

The only use which Addison appears to have made of the favor with which he was regarded by the Tories was to save some of his friends from the general ruin of the Whig party. He felt himself to be

in a situation which made it his duty to take a decided part in politics. But the case of Steele and Ambrose Phillipps was different. For Phillipps, Addison even condescended to solicit, with what success we have not ascertained. Steele held two places. He was Gazetteer, and he was also a Commissioner of Stamps. The Gazette was taken from him. But he was suffered to retain his place in the Stamp Office, on an implied understanding that he should not be active against the new government; and he was, during more than two years, induced by Addison to observe this armistice with tolerable fidelity.

Isaac Bickerstaff accordingly became silent upon politics, and the article of news which had once formed about one-third of his paper, altogether disappeared. The Tatler had completely changed its character. It was now nothing but a series of essays on books, morals, and manners. Steele therefore resolved to bring it to a close and to commence a new work on an improved plan. It was announced that this new work would be published daily. The undertaking was generally regarded as bold, or rather rash; but the event amply justified the confidence with which Steele relied on the fertility of

Addison's genius. On the second of January, 1711, appeared the last Tatler. At the beginning of March following appeared the first of an incomparable series of papers, containing observations on life and literature by an imaginary Spectator.°

The Spectator himself was conceived and drawn by Addison; and it is not easy to doubt that the portrait was meant to be in some features a likeness of the painter. The Spectator is a gentleman who, after passing a studious youth at the university, has travelled on classic ground, and has bestowed much attention on curious points of antiquity. He has, on his return, fixed his residence in London, and has observed all the forms of life which are to be found in that great city, has daily listened to the wits of Will's, has smoked with the philosophers of the Grecian, and has mingled with the parsons at Child's, and with the politicians at the St. James's. In the morning, he often listens to the hum of the Exchange; in the evening, his face is constantly to be seen in the pit of Drury Lane theatre. But an insurmountable bashfulness prevents him from opening his mouth, except in a small circle of intimate friends.

These friends were first sketched by Steele. Four of the club, the templar, the clergyman, the soldier,

and the merchant, were uninteresting figures, fit only for a background. But the other two, an old country baronet and an old town rake, though not delineated with a very delicate pencil, had some good strokes. Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, colored them, and is in truth the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar.

The plan of the Spectator must be allowed to be both original and eminently happy. Every valuable essay in the series may be read with pleasure separately; yet the five or six hundred essays form a whole, and a whole which has the interest of a novel. It must be remembered, too, that at that time no novel, giving a lively and powerful picture of the common life and manners of England, had appeared. Richardson° was working as a compositor. Fielding was robbing birds' nests. Smollett° was not yet born. The narrative, therefore, which connects together the Spectator's Essays, gave to our ancestors their first taste of an exquisite and untried pleasure. That narrative was indeed constructed with no art or labor. The events were such events as occur every day. Sir Roger comes up to town to see Eugenio, as the worthy baronet always calls Prince Eugene,

goes with the Spectator on the water to Spring Gardens, walks among the tombs in the Abbey, and is frightened by the Mohawks,° but conquers his apprehension so far as to go to the theatre when the Distressed Mother° is acted. The Spectator pays a visit in the summer to Coverley Hall, is charmed with the old house, the old butler, and the old chaplain, eats a jack caught by Will Wimble, rides to the assizes, and hears a point of law discussed by Tom Touchy.° At last a letter from the honest butler brings to the club the news that Sir Roger is dead. Will Honeycomb marries and reforms at sixty. The club breaks up; and the Spectator resigns his functions. Such events can hardly be said to form a plot; yet they are related with such truth, such grace, such wit, such humor, such pathos, such knowledge of the human heart, such knowledge of the ways of the world, that they charm us on the hundredth perusal. We have not the least doubt that if Addison had written a novel, on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess. As it is, he is entitled to be considered not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists.

We say this of Addison alone; for Addison is the

Spectator. About three sevenths of the work are his; and it is no exaggeration to say that his worst essay is as good as the best essay of any of his coadjutors. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety. His invention never seems to flag; nor is he ever under the necessity of repeating himself, or of wearing out a subject. There are no dregs in his wine. He regales us after the fashion of that prodigal nabob° who held that there was only one good glass in a bottle. As soon as we have tasted the first sparkling foam of a jest, it is withdrawn and a fresh draught of nectar is at our lips. On the Monday we have an allegory as lively and ingenious as Lucian's° Auction of Lives; on the Tuesday, an Eastern apologue as richly colored as the Tales of Scheherezade°; on the Wednesday, a character described with the skill of a La Bruyère°; on the Thursday, a scene from common life, equal to the best chapters in the Vicar of Wakefield; on the Friday some sly Horatian pleasantry on fashionable follies, on hoops, patches, or puppet shows; and on the Saturday a religious meditation, which will bear a comparison with the finest passages in Massillon.°

It is dangerous to select where there is so much that

deserves the highest praise. We will venture, however, to say that any person who wishes to form a notion of the extent and variety of Addison's powers, will do well to read at one sitting the following papers: the two Visits to the Abbey, the Visit to the Exchange, the Journal of the Retired Citizen, the Vision of Mirza, the Transmigrations of Pug the Monkey, and the Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.*

The least valuable of Addison's contributions to the Spectator are, in the judgment of our age, his critical papers. Yet his critical papers are always luminous, and often ingenious. The very worst of them must be regarded as creditable to him, when the character of the school in which he had been trained is fairly considered. The best of them were much too good for his readers. In truth, he was not so far behind our generation as he was before his own. No essays in the Spectator were more censured and derided than those in which he raised his voice against the contempt with which our fine old ballads were regarded, and showed the scoffers that the same gold which, burnished and polished, gives lustre to the Æneid and the

* Nos. 26, 329, 69, 317, 159, 343, 517. These papers are all in the first seven volumes. The eighth must be considered as a separate work.

Odes of Horace, is mingled with the rude dross of Chevy Chace.°

It is not strange that the success of the Spectator should have been such as no similar work has ever obtained. The number of copies daily distributed was at first three thousand. It subsequently increased, and had risen to near four thousand when the stamp tax was imposed.° That tax was fatal to a crowd of journals. The Spectator, however, stood its ground, doubled its price, and, though its circulation fell off, still yielded a large revenue both to the state and to the authors. For particular papers, the demand was immense; of some, it is said, twenty thousand copies were required. But this was not all. To have the Spectator served up every morning with the bohea and rolls was a luxury for the few. The majority were content to wait till essays enough had appeared to form a volume. Ten thousand copies of each volume were immediately taken off, and new editions were called for. It must be remembered that the population of England was then hardly a third of what it now is. The number of Englishmen who were in the habit of reading, was probably not a sixth of what it now is. A shop-keeper or a farmer who found any pleasure in literature, was a rarity.

Nay, there was doubtless more than one knight of the shire whose country seat did not contain ten books, receipt books and books on farriery included. In these circumstances, the sale of the Spectator must be considered as indicating a popularity quite as great as that of the most successful works of Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Dickens in our own time.

At the close of 1712 the Spectator ceased to appear. It was probably felt that the short-faced gentleman and his club had been long enough before the town; and that it was time to withdraw them, and to replace them by a new set of characters. In a few weeks the first number of the Guardian° was published. But the Guardian was unfortunate both in its birth and in its death. It began in dulness and disappeared in a tempest of faction. The original plan was bad. Addison contributed nothing until sixty-two numbers had appeared; and it was then impossible to make the Guardian what the Spectator had been. Nestor Ironside and the Miss Lizards were people to whom even he could impart no interest. He could only furnish some excellent little essays, both serious and comic; and this he did.

Why Addison gave no assistance to the Guardian during the first two months of its existence, is a ques-

tion which has puzzled the editors and biographers, but which seems to us to admit of a very easy solution. He was then engaged in bringing his Cato° on the stage.

The first four acts of this drama had been lying in his desk since his return from Italy. His modest and sensitive nature shrank from the risk of a public and shameful failure; and, though all who saw the manuscript were loud in praise, some thought it possible that an audience might become impatient even of very good rhetoric, and advised Addison to print the play without hazarding a representation. At length, after many fits of apprehension, the poet yielded to the urgency of his political friends, who hoped that the public would discover some analogy between the followers of Cæsar and the Tories, between Sempronius and the apostate Whigs, between Cato, struggling to the last for the liberties of Rome, and the band of patriots who still stood firm round Halifax and Wharton.

Addison gave the play to the managers of Drury Lane theatre, without stipulating for any advantage to himself. They, therefore, thought themselves bound to spare no cost in scenery and dresses. The decorations, it is true, would not have pleased the

skilful eye of Mr. Macready.° Juba's waistcoat blazed with gold lace; Marcia's hoop was worthy of a Duchess on the birthday; and Cato° wore a wig worth fifty guineas. The prologue was written by Pope, and is undoubtedly a dignified and spirited composition. The part of the hero was excellently played by Booth.° Steele undertook to pack a house. The boxes were in a blaze with the stars of the Peers in Opposition. The pit was crowded with attentive and friendly listeners from the Inns of Court and the literary coffee-houses. Sir Gilbert Heathcote,° Governor of the Bank of England, was at the head of a powerful body of auxiliaries from the city, warm men and true Whigs, but better known at Jonathan's and Garraway's than in the haunts of wits and critics.

These precautions were quite superfluous. The Tories, as a body, regarded Addison with no unkind feelings. Nor was it for their interest, professing, as they did, profound reverence for law and prescription, and abhorrence both of popular insurrections and of standing armies, to appropriate to themselves reflections thrown on the great military chief and demagogue, who, with the support of the legions and of the common people, subverted all the ancient institutions of his country. Accordingly, every shout that was raised

by the members of the Kit Cat was echoed by the High Churchmen of the October; and the curtain at length fell amidst thunders of unanimous applause.

The delight and admiration of the town were described by the Guardian in terms which we might attribute to partiality, were it not that the Examiner, the organ of the Ministry, held similar language. The Tories, indeed, found much to sneer at in the conduct of their opponents. Steele had on this, as on other occasions, shown more zeal than taste or judgment. The honest citizens who marched under the orders of Sir Gibby,° as he was facetiously called, probably knew better when to buy and when to sell stock than when to clap and when to hiss at a play, and incurred some ridicule by making the hypocritical Sempronius their favorite, and by giving to his insincere rants louder plaudits than they bestowed on the temperate eloquence of Cato. Wharton, too, who had the incredible effrontery to applaud the lines about flying from prosperous vice and from the power of impious men to a private station, did not escape the sarcasms of those who justly thought that he could fly from nothing more vicious or impious than himself. The epilogue, which was written by Garth,° a zealous Whig, was severely and not unreasonably censured as ignoble and out of place.

But Addison was described, even by the bitterest Tory writers, as a gentleman of wit and virtue, in whose friendship many persons of both parties were happy, and whose name ought not to be mixed up with factious squabbles.

Of the jests by which the triumph of the Whig party was disturbed, the most severe and happy was Bolingbroke's. Between two acts, he sent for Booth to his box, and presented him, before the whole theatre, with a purse of fifty guineas for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dictator.° This was a pungent allusion to the attempt which Marlborough had made, not long before his fall, to obtain a patent creating him Captain General for life.

It was April; and in April, a hundred and thirty years ago, the London season was thought to be far advanced. During a whole month, however, Cato was performed to overflowing houses, and brought into the treasury of the theatre twice the gains of an ordinary spring. In the summer the Drury Lane company went down to the Act at Oxford,° and there, before an audience which retained an affectionate remembrance of Addison's accomplishments and virtues, his tragedy was enacted during several days. The gownsmen

began to besiege the theatre in the forenoon, and by one in the afternoon all the seats were filled.

About the merits of the piece which had so extraordinary an effect, the public, we suppose, has made up its mind. To compare it with the masterpieces of the Attic stage, with the great English dramas of the time of Elizabeth, or even with the productions of Schiller's° manhood, would be absurd indeed. Yet it contains excellent dialogue and declamation, and, among plays fashioned on the French model, must be allowed to rank high; not indeed with Athalie° or Saul°; but, we think not below Cinna,° and certainly above any other English tragedy of the same school, above many of the plays of Corneille, above many of the plays of Voltaire and Alfieri, and above some plays of Racine. Be this as it may, we have little doubt that Cato did as much as the Tatlers, Spectators, and Freeholders united, to raise Addison's fame among his contemporaries.

The modesty and good nature of the successful dramatist had tamed even the malignity of faction. But literary envy, it should seem, is a fiercer passion than party spirit. It was by a zealous Whig that the fiercest attack on the Whig tragedy was made. John Dennis° published Remarks on Cato, which were writ-

ten with some acuteness and with much coarseness and asperity. Addison neither defended himself nor retaliated. On many points he had an excellent defence; and nothing would have been easier than to retaliate; for Dennis had written bad odes, bad tragedies, bad comedies; he had, moreover, a larger share than most men of those infirmities and eccentricities which excite laughter; and Addison's power of turning either an absurd book or an absurd man into ridicule was unrivalled. Addison, however, serenely conscious of his superiority, looked with pity on his assailant, whose temper, naturally irritable and gloomy, had been soured by want, by controversy, and by literary failures.

But among the young candidates for Addison's favor, there was one distinguished by talents from the rest, and distinguished, we fear, not less by malignity and insincerity. Pope was only twenty-five. But his powers had expanded to their full maturity; and his best poem, the Rape of the Lock, had recently been published. Of his genius, Addison had always expressed high admiration. But Addison had early discerned, what might indeed have been discerned by an eye less penetrating than his, that the diminutive, crooked, sickly boy was eager to revenge himself on

society for the unkindness of nature. In the Spectator, the Essay on Criticism had been praised with cordial warmth; but a gentle hint had been added, that the writer of so excellent a poem would have done well to avoid ill-natured personalities. Pope, though evidently more galled by the censure than gratified by the praise, returned thanks for the admonition, and promised to profit by it. The two writers continued to exchange civilities, counsel, and small good offices. Addison publicly extolled Pope's miscellaneous pieces; and Pope furnished Addison with a prologue. This did not last long. Pope hated Dennis, whom he had injured without provocation. The appearance of the Remarks on Cato gave the irritable poet an opportunity of venting his malice under the show of friendship; and such an opportunity could not but be welcomed to a nature which was implacable in enmity, and which always preferred the tortuous to the straight path. He published, accordingly, the Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis. But Pope had mistaken his powers. He was a great master of invective and sarcasm; he could dissect a character in terse and sonorous couplets, brilliant with antitheses: but of dramatic talent he was altogether destitute. If he had written a lampoon on Dennis,

such as that on Atticus,° or that on Sporus,° the old grumbler would have been crushed. But Pope writing dialogue resembled — to borrow Horace's imagery and his own — a wolf, which, instead of biting, should take to kicking, or a monkey which should try to sting. The narrative is utterly contemptible. Of argument there is not even the show; and the jests are such as, if they were introduced into a farce, would call forth the hisses of the shilling gallery. Dennis raves about the drama; and the nurse thinks that he is calling for a dram. "There is," he cries, "no peripetia° in the tragedy, no change of fortune, no change at all." "Pray, good Sir, be not angry," says the old woman; "I'll fetch change." This is not exactly the pleasantry of Addison.

There can be no doubt that Addison saw through his officious zeal, and felt himself deeply aggrieved by it. So foolish and spiteful a pamphlet could do him no good, and, if he were thought to have any hand in it, must do him harm. Gifted with incomparable powers of ridicule, he had never, even in self-defence, used those powers inhumanly or uncourteously; and he was not disposed to let others make his fame and his interests a pretext under which they might commit outrages from which he had himself constantly ab-

stained. He accordingly declared that he had no concern in the Narrative, that he disapproved of it, and that if he answered the Remarks, he would answer them like a gentleman; and he took care to communicate this to Dennis. Pope was bitterly mortified; and to this transaction we are inclined to ascribe the hatred with which he ever after regarded Addison.

In September, 1713, the Guardian ceased to appear. Steele had gone mad about politics. A general election had just taken place: he had been chosen member for Stockbridge; and he fully expected to play a first part in Parliament. The immense success of the Tatler and Spectator had turned his head. He had been the editor of both those papers, and was not aware how entirely they owed their influence and popularity to the genius of his friend. His spirits, always violent, were now excited by vanity, ambition, and faction, to such a pitch that he every day committed some offence against good sense and good taste. All the discreet and moderate members of his own party regretted and condemned his folly. "I am in a thousand troubles," Addison wrote, "about poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself. But he has sent me word that he has determined to

go on, and that any advice I may give him in this particular will have no weight with him."

Steele set up a political paper called the Englishman,° which, as it was not supported by contributions from Addison, completely failed. By this work, by some other writings of the same kind, and by the airs which he gave himself at the first meeting of the new Parliament, he made the Tories so angry that they determined to expel him. The Whigs stood by him gallantly, but were unable to save him. The vote of expulsion was regarded by all dispassionate men as a tyrannical exercise of the power of the majority. But Steele's violence and folly, though they by no means justified the steps which his enemies took, had completely disgusted his friends; nor did he ever regain the place which he had held in the public estimation.

Addison about this time conceived the design of adding an eighth volume to the Spectator. In June, 1714, the first number of the new series appeared, and during about six months three papers were published weekly. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the Englishman and the eighth volume of the Spectator, between Steele without Addison and Addison without Steele; the Englishman is forgotten.

The eighth volume of the Spectator contains, perhaps, the finest essays, both serious and playful, in the English language.

Before this volume was completed, the death of Anne produced an entire change in the administration of public affairs. The blow fell suddenly. It found the Tory party distracted by internal feuds, and unprepared for any great effort. Harley had just been disgraced. Bolingbroke, it was supposed, would be the chief minister. But the Queen was on her death-bed before the white staff had been given, and her last public act was to deliver it with a feeble hand to the Duke of Shrewsbury. The emergency produced a coalition between all sections of public men who were attached to the Protestant succession. George the First was proclaimed without opposition. A Council, in which the leading Whigs had seats, took the direction of affairs till the new King should arrive. The first act of the Lords Justices was to appoint Addison their Secretary.

There is an idle tradition that he was directed to prepare a letter to the King, that he could not satisfy himself as to the style of this composition, and that the Lords Justices called in a clerk who at once did what was wanted. It is not strange that a story so

flattering to mediocrity should be popular; and we are sorry to deprive dunces of their consolation. But the truth must be told. It was well observed by Sir James Mackintosh,° whose knowledge of these times was unequalled, that Addison never, in any official document, affected wit or eloquence, and that his despatches are, without exception, remarkable for unpretending simplicity. Everybody who knows with what ease Addison's finest essays were produced must be convinced that, if well turned phrases had been wanted, he would have had no difficulty in finding them. We are, however, inclined to believe, that the story is not absolutely without a foundation. It may well be that Addison did not know, till he had consulted experienced clerks who remembered the times when William the Third was absent on the Continent, in what form a letter from the Council of Regency to the King ought to be drawn. We think it very likely that the ablest statesmen of our time, Lord John Russell,° Sir Robert Peel,° Lord Palmerston,° for example, would, in similar circumstances, be found quite as ignorant. Every office has some little mysteries which the dullest man may learn with a little attention, and which the greatest man cannot possibly know by intuition. One paper must be signed by the chief

of the department; another by his deputy; to a third the royal sign manual is necessary. One communication is to be registered, and another is not. One sentence must be in black ink, and another in red ink. If the ablest Secretary for Ireland were moved to the India Board, if the ablest President of the India Board were moved to the War Office, he would require instructions on points like these; and we do not doubt that Addison required such instruction when he became, for the first time, Secretary to the Lords Justices.

George the First took possession of his kingdom without opposition. A new ministry was formed, and a new Parliament favorable to the Whigs chosen. Sunderland[°] was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and Addison again went to Dublin as Chief Secretary.

At Dublin Swift resided; and there was much speculation about the way in which the Dean and the Secretary would behave towards each other. The relations which existed between these remarkable men form an interesting and pleasing portion of literary history. They had early attached themselves to the same political party and to the same patrons. While Anne's Whig ministry was in power, the visits of Swift to London and the official residence of Addison in Ireland had given them opportunities of knowing

each other. They were the two shrewdest observers of their age. But their observations on each other had left them to favorable conclusions. Swift did full justice to the rare powers of conversation which were latent under the bashful deportment of Addison. Addison, on the other hand, discerned much good nature under the severe look and manner of Swift; and, indeed, the Swift of 1708 and the Swift of 1738 were two very different men.

But the paths of the two friends diverged widely. The Whig statesmen loaded Addison with solid benefits. They praised Swift, asked him to dinner, and did nothing more for him. His profession laid him under a difficulty. In the State they could not promote him; and they had reason to fear that, by bestowing preferment in the Church on the author of the Tale of a Tub,° they might give scandal to the public, which had no high opinion of their orthodoxy. He did not make fair allowance for the difficulties which prevented Halifax and Somers from serving him, thought himself an ill-used man, sacrificed honor and consistency to revenge, joined the Tories, and became their most formidable champion. He soon found, however, that his old friends were less to blame than he had supposed. The dislike with which

the Queen and the heads of the Church regarded him was insurmountable; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he obtained an ecclesiastical dignity of no great value, on condition of fixing his residence in a country which he detested.

Difference of political opinion had produced, not indeed a quarrel, but a coldness between Swift and Addison. They at length ceased altogether to see each other. Yet there was between them a tacit compact like that between the hereditary guests in the Iliad.

> Ἔγχεα δ' ἀλλήλων ἀλεώμεθα καὶ δι' ὁμίλου·
> Πολλοί μὲν γὰρ ἐμοὶ Τρῶες κλειτοί τ' ἐπίκουροι,
> Κτείνειν, ὃν κε θεὸς γε πόρῃ καὶ ποσσὶ κιχείω,
> Πολλοὶ δ' αὖ σοι Ἀχαιοὶ, ἐναίρεμεν, ὅν κε δύνηαι.

It is not strange that Addison, who calumniated and insulted nobody, should not have calumniated or insulted Swift. But it is remarkable that Swift, to whom genius nor virtue was sacred, and who generally seemed to find, like most other renegades, a peculiar pleasure in attacking old friends, should have shown so much respect and tenderness to Addison.

Fortune had now changed. The accession of the House of Hanover had secured in England the liberties of the people, and in Ireland the dominion of

the Protestant caste. To that caste Swift was more odious than any other man. He was hooted and even pelted in the streets of Dublin; and could not venture to ride along the strand for his health without the attendance of armed servants. Many whom he had formerly served now libelled and insulted him. At this time Addison arrived. He had been advised not to show the smallest civility to the Dean of St. Patrick's. He had answered, with admirable spirit, that it might be necessary for men whose fidelity to their party was suspected, to hold no intercourse with political opponents; but that one who had been a steady Whig in the worst times might venture, when the good cause was triumphant, to shake hands with an old friend who was one of the vanquished Tories. His kindness was soothing to the proud and cruelly wounded spirit of Swift; and the two great satirists resumed their habits of friendly intercourse.

Those associates of Addison, whose political opinions agreed with his, shared his good fortune. He took Tickell with him to Ireland. He procured for Budgell a lucrative place in the same kingdom. Ambrose Phillipps was provided for in England. Steele had injured himself so much by his eccentricity and perverseness, that he obtained but a very small part of

what he thought his due. He was, however, knighted; he had a place in the household; and he subsequently received other marks of favor from the court.

Addison did not remain long in Ireland. In 1715 he quitted his Secretaryship for a seat at the Board of Trade.° In the same year his comedy of the Drummer was brought on the stage. The name of the author was not announced; the piece was coldly received; and some critics have expressed a doubt whether it were really Addison's. To us the evidence, both external and internal, seems decisive. It is not in Addison's best manner; but it contains numerous passages which no other writer known to us could have produced. It was again performed after Addison's death, and, being known to be his, was loudly applauded.

Towards the close of the year 1715, while the Rebellion° was still raging in Scotland, Addison published the first number of a paper called the Freeholder.° Among his political works the Freeholder is entitled to the first place. Even in the Spectator there are few serious papers nobler than the character of his friend Lord Somers, and certainly no satirical papers superior to those in which the Tory foxhunter is introduced. This character is the original of Squire Western, and is drawn with all Fielding's force, and

with a delicacy of which Fielding was altogether destitute. As none of Addison's works exhibit stronger marks of his genius than the Freeholder, so none does more honor to his moral character. It is difficult to extol too highly the candor and humanity of a political writer whom even the excitement of civil war cannot hurry into unseemly violence. Oxford, it was well known, was then the stronghold of Toryism. The High Street had been repeatedly lined with bayonets in order to keep down the disaffected gownsmen; and traitors pursued by the messengers of the Government had been concealed in the garrets of several colleges. Yet the admonition which, even under such circumstances, Addison addressed to the University, is singularly gentle, respectful, and even affectionate. Indeed, he could not find it in his heart to deal harshly even with imaginary persons. His foxhunter, though ignorant, stupid, and violent, is at heart a good fellow, and is at last reclaimed by the clemency of the King. Steele was dissatisfied with his friend's moderation, and, though he acknowledged that the Freeholder was excellently written, complained that the Ministry played on a lute when it was necessary to blow the trumpet. He accordingly determined to execute a flourish after his own fashion,

and tried to rouse the public spirit of the nation by means of a paper called the Town Talk,° which is now as utterly forgotten as his Englishman, as his Crisis, as his Letter to the Bailiff of Stockbridge, as his Reader, in short, as everything that he wrote without the help of Addison.

In the same year in which the Drummer was acted, and in which the first numbers of the Freeholder appeared, the estrangement of Pope and Addison became complete. Addison had from the first seen that Pope was false and malevolent. Pope had discovered that Addison was jealous. The discovery was made in a strange manner. Pope had written the Rape of the Lock, in two cantos, without supernatural machinery. These two cantos had been loudly applauded, and by none more loudly than by Addison. Then Pope thought of the Sylphs and Gnomes, Ariel, Momentilla, Crispissa, and Umbriel, and resolved to interweave the Rosicrusian mythology with the original fabric. He asked Addison's advice. Addison said that the poem as it stood was a delicious little thing, and entreated Pope not to run the risk of marring what was so excellent in trying to mend it. Pope afterwards declared that this insidious counsel first opened his eyes to the baseness of him who gave it.

Now there can be no doubt that Pope's plan was most ingenious, and that he afterwards executed it with great skill and success. But does it necessarily follow that Addison's advice was bad? And if Addison's advice was bad, does it necessarily follow that it was given from bad motives? If a friend were to ask us whether we would advise him to risk his all in a lottery of which the chances were ten to one against him, we should do our best to dissuade him from running such a risk. Even if he were so lucky as to get the thirty thousand pound prize, we should not admit that we had counselled him ill; and we should certainly think it the height of injustice in him to accuse us of having been actuated by malice. We think Addison's advice good advice. It rested on a sound principle, the result of long and wide experience. The general rule undoubtedly is that, when a successful work of imagination has been produced, it should not be recast. We cannot at this moment call to mind a single instance in which this rule has been transgressed with happy effect, except the instance of the Rape of the Lock. Tasso recast his Jerusalem. Akenside° recast his Pleasures of the Imagination and his Epistle to Curio. Pope himself, emboldened no doubt by the success with which he

had expanded and remodelled the Rape of the Lock, made the same experiment on the Dunciad. All these attempts failed. Who was to foresee that Pope would, once in his life, be able to do what he could not himself do twice, and what nobody else has ever done?

Addison's advice was good, but had it been bad, why should we pronounce it dishonest? Scott tells us that one of his best friends predicted the failure of Waverley. Herder° adjured Goethe° not to take so unpromising a subject as Faust. Hume° tried to dissuade Robertson from writing the history of Charles the Fifth. Nay, Pope himself was one of those who prophesied that Cato would never succeed on the stage, and advised Addison to print it without risking a representation. But Scott, Goethe, Robertson, Addison, had the good sense and generosity to give their advisers credit for the best intentions. Pope's heart was not of the same kind with theirs.

In 1715, while he was engaged in translating the Iliad, he met Addison at a coffee-house. Phillipps and Budgell were there; but their sovereign got rid of them, and asked Pope to dine with him alone. After dinner, Addison said that he lay under a difficulty which he wished to explain. "Tickell," he said,

"translated some time ago the first book of the Iliad. I have promised to look it over and correct it. I cannot therefore ask to see yours; for that would be double dealing." Pope made a civil reply, and begged that his second book might have the advantage of Addison's revision. Addison readily agreed, looked over the second book, and sent it back with warm commendations.

Tickell's version of the first book appeared soon after this conversation. In the preface, all rivalry was earnestly disclaimed. Tickell declared that he should not go on with the Iliad. That enterprise he should leave to powers which he admitted to be superior to his own. His only view, he said, in publishing this specimen was to bespeak the favor of the public to a translation of the Odyssey, in which he had made some progress.

Addison, and Addison's devoted followers, pronounced both the versions good, but maintained that Tickell's had more of the original. The town gave a decided preference to Pope's. We do not think it worth while to settle such a question of precedence. Neither of the rivals can be said to have translated the Iliad, unless, indeed, the word translation be used in the sense which it bears in the Midsummer Night's

Dream. When Bottom makes his appearance with an ass's head instead of his own, Peter Quince exclaims, "Bless thee! Bottom, bless thee! thou art translated." In this sense, undoubtedly, the readers of either Pope or Tickell may very properly exclaim, "Bless thee! Homer; thou art translated indeed."

Our readers will, we hope, agree with us in thinking that no man in Addison's situation could have acted more fairly and kindly, both towards Pope, and towards Tickell, than he appears to have done. But an odious suspicion had sprung up in the mind of Pope. He fancied, and he soon firmly believed, that there was a deep conspiracy against his fame and his fortunes. The work on which he had staked his reputation was to be depreciated. The subscription, on which rested his hopes of a competency, was to be defeated. With this view Addison had made a rival translation; Tickell had consented to father it; and the wits of Button's had united to puff it.

Is there any external evidence to support this grave accusation? The answer is short. There is absolutely none.

Was there any internal evidence which proved Addison to be the author of this version? Was it a work which Tickell was incapable of producing? Surely

not. Tickell was a Fellow of a College at Oxford, and must be supposed to have been able to construe the Iliad; and he was a better versifier than his friend. We are not aware that Pope pretended to have discovered any turns of expression peculiar to Addison. Had such turns of expression been discovered, they would be sufficiently accounted for by supposing Addison to have corrected his friend's lines, as he owned that he had done.

Is there anything in the character of the accused persons which makes the accusation probable? We answer confidently — nothing. Tickell was long after this time described by Pope himself as a very fair and worthy man. Addison had been, during many years, before the public. Literary rivals, political opponents, had kept their eyes on him. But neither envy nor faction, in their utmost rage, had ever imputed to him a single deviation from the laws of honor and of social morality. Had he been indeed a man meanly jealous of fame, and capable of stooping to base and wicked arts for the purpose of injuring his competitors, would his vices have remained latent so long? He was a writer of tragedy: had he ever injured Rowe? He was a writer of comedy: had he not done ample justice to Congreve, and given valuable

help to Steele? He was a pamphleteer: have not his good nature and generosity been acknowledged by Swift, his rival in fame and his adversary in politics?

That Tickell should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. That Addison should have been guilty of a villany seems to us highly improbable. But that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villany seems to us improbable in a tenfold degree. All that is known to us of their intercourse tends to prove, that it was not the intercourse of two accomplices in crime. These are some of the lines in which Tickell poured forth his sorrow over the coffin of Addison:

> "Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
> A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
> Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
> To me thine aid, thou guardian genius, lend.
> When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
> When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
> In silent whisperings purer thoughts impart,
> And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
> Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
> Till bliss shall join, nor death shall part us more."

In what words, we should like to know, did this guardian genius invite his pupil to join in a plan such

as the Editor of the Satirist ° would hardly dare to propose to the Editor of the Age °?

We do not accuse Pope of bringing an accusation which he knew to be false. We have not the smallest doubt that he believed it to be true; and the evidence on which he believed it he found in his own bad heart. His own life was one long series of tricks, as mean and as malicious as that of which he suspected Addison and Tickell. He was all stiletto and mask. To injure, to insult, and to save himself from the consequences of injury and insult by lying and equivocating, was the habit of his life. He published a lampoon on the Duke of Chandos °; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a lampoon on Aaron Hill °; he was taxed with it; and he lied and equivocated. He published a still fouler lampoon on Lady Mary Wortley Montague °; he was taxed with it; and he lied with more than usual effrontery and vehemence. He puffed himself and abused his enemies under feigned names. He robbed himself of his own letters, and then raised the hue and cry after him. Besides his frauds of malignity, of fear, of interest, and of vanity, there were frauds which he seems to have committed from love of fraud alone. He had a habit of stratagem, a pleasure in outwitting all who

came near him. Whatever his object might be, the indirect road to it was that which he preferred. For Bolingbroke, Pope undoubtedly felt as much love and veneration as it was in his nature to feel for any human being. Yet Pope was scarcely dead when it was discovered that, from no motive except the mere love of artifice, he had been guilty of an act of gross perfidy to Bolingbroke.°

Nothing was more natural than that such a man as this should attribute to others that which he felt within himself. A plain, probable, coherent explanation is frankly given to him. He is certain that it is all a romance. A line of conduct scrupulously fair, and even friendly, is pursued towards him. He is convinced that it is merely a cover for a vile intrigue by which he is to be disgraced and ruined. It is vain to ask him for proofs. He has none, and wants none, except those which he carries in his own bosom.

Whether Pope's malignity at length provoked Addison to retaliate for the first and last time, cannot now be known with certainty. We have only Pope's story, which runs thus. A pamphlet appeared containing some reflections which stung Pope to the quick. What those reflections were, and whether they were reflec-

tions of which he had a right to complain, we have now no means of deciding. The Earl of Warwick,° a foolish and vicious lad, who regarded Addison with the feeling with which such lads generally regard their best friends, told Pope, truly or falsely, that this pamphlet had been written by Addison's direction. When we consider what a tendency stories have to grow, in passing even from one honest man to another honest man, and when we consider that to the name of honest man neither Pope nor the Earl of Warwick had a claim, we are not disposed to attach much importance to this anecdote.

It is certain, however, that Pope was furious. He had already sketched the character of Atticus in prose. In his anger he turned his prose into the brilliant and energetic lines which everybody knows by heart, or ought to know by heart, and sent them to Addison. One charge which Pope has enforced with great skill is probably not without foundation. Addison was, we are inclined to believe, too fond of presiding over a circle of humble friends. Of the other imputations which these famous lines are intended to convey, scarcely one has ever been proved to be just, and some are certainly false. That Addison was not in the habit of "damning with faint praise" appears

from innumerable passages in his writings, and from none more than from those in which he mentions Pope. And it is not merely unjust, but ridiculous, to describe a man who made the fortune of almost every one of his intimate friends, as "so obliging that he ne'er obliged."

That Addison felt the sting of Pope's satire keenly we cannot doubt. That he was conscious of one of the weaknesses with which he was reproached is highly probable. But his heart, we firmly believe, acquitted him of the gravest part of the accusation. He acted like himself. As a satirist he was, at his own weapons, more than Pope's match; and he would have been at no loss for topics. A distorted and diseased body, tenanted by a yet more distorted and diseased mind; spite and envy thinly disguised by sentiments as benevolent and noble as those which Sir Peter Teazle° admired in Mr. Joseph Surface°; a feeble sickly licentiousness; an odious love of filthy and noisome images; these were things which a genius less powerful than that to which we owe the Spectator could easily have held up to the mirth and hatred of mankind. Addison had, moreover, at his command, other means of vengeance which a bad man would not have scrupled to use. He was powerful in the

State. Pope was a Catholic; and, in those times, a minister would have found it easy to harass the most innocent Catholic by innumerable petty vexations. Pope, near twenty years later, said that "through the lenity of the government alone he could live with comfort." "Consider," he exclaimed, "the injury that a man of high rank and credit may do to a private person, under penal laws and many other disadvantages." It is pleasing to reflect that the only revenge which Addison took was to insert in the Freeholder a warm encomium on the translation of the Iliad, and to exhort all lovers of learning to put down their names as subscribers. There could be no doubt, he said, from the specimens already published, that the masterly hand of Pope would do as much for Homer as Dryden had done for Virgil. From that time to the end of his life, he always treated Pope, by Pope's own acknowledgment, with justice. Friendship was, of course, at an end.

One reason which induced the Earl of Warwick to play the ignominious part of talebearer on this occasion, may have been his dislike of the marriage which was about to take place between his mother and Addison. The Countess Dowager,° a daughter of the old and honorable family of the Middletons of Chirk, a

family which, in any country but ours, would be called noble, resided at Holland House.° Addison had, during some years, occupied at Chelsea, a small dwelling, once the abode of Nell Gwynn.° Chelsea is now a district of London, and Holland House may be called a town residence. But, in the days of Anne and George the First, milkmaids and sportsmen wandered between green hedges, and over fields bright with daisies, from Kensington almost to the shore of the Thames. Addison and Lady Warwick were country neighbors, and became intimate friends. The great wit and scholar tried to allure the young Lord from the fashionable amusements of beating watchmen, breaking windows, and rolling women in hogsheads down Holborn Hill, to the study of letters and the practice of virtue. These well meant exertions did little good, however, either to the disciple or to the master. Lord Warwick grew up a rake; and Addison fell in love. The mature beauty of the Countess has been celebrated by poets in language which, after a very large allowance has been made for flattery, would lead us to believe that she was a fine woman; and her rank doubtless heightened her attractions. The courtship was long. The hopes of the lover appear to have risen and fallen with the fortunes of his party.

His attachment was at length a matter of such notoriety that, when he visited Ireland for the last time, Rowe addressed some consolatory verses to the Chloe of Holland House. It strikes us as a little strange that, in these verses, Addison should be called Lycidas,° a name of singularly evil omen for a swain just about to cross St. George's Channel.

At length Chloe capitulated. Addison was indeed able to treat with her on equal terms. He had reason to expect preferment even higher than that which he had attained. He had inherited the fortune of a brother who died Governor of Madras. He had purchased an estate in Warwickshire, and had been welcomed to his domain in very tolerable verse by one of the neighboring squires, the poetical foxhunter, William Somerville.° In August, 1716, the newspapers announced that Joseph Addison, Esquire, famous for many excellent works both in verse and prose, had espoused the Countess Dowager of Warwick.

He now fixed his abode at Holland House, a house which can boast of a greater number of inmates distinguished in political and literary history than any other private dwelling in England. His portrait still hangs there. The features are pleasing; the complexion is remarkably fair; but, in the expression we

trace rather the gentleness of his disposition than the force and keenness of his intellect.

Not long after his marriage he reached the height of civil greatness. The Whig Government had, during some time, being torn by internal dissensions. Lord Townshend led one section of the Cabinet, Lord Sunderland the other. At length, in the spring of 1717, Sunderland triumphed. Townshend retired from office, and was accompanied by Walpole and Cowper. Sunderland proceeded to reconstruct the Ministry; and Addison was appointed Secretary of State. It is certain that the Seals were pressed upon him, and were at first declined by him. Men equally versed in official business might easily have been found; and his colleagues knew that they could not expect assistance from him in debate. He owed his elevation to his popularity, to his stainless probity, and to his literary fame.

But scarcely had Addison entered the Cabinet when his health began to fail. From one serious attack he recovered in the autumn; and his recovery was celebrated in Latin verses, worthy of his own pen, by Vincent Bourne, who was then at Trinity College, Cambridge. A relapse soon took place; and, in the following spring, Addison was prevented by a severe

asthma from discharging the duties of his post. He resigned it, and was succeeded by his friend Craggs, a young man whose natural parts, though little improved by cultivation, were quick and showy, whose graceful person and winning manners had made him generally acceptable in society, and who, if he had lived, would probably have been the most formidable of all the rivals of Walpole.

As yet there was no Joseph Hume.° The Ministers, therefore, were able to bestow on Addison a retiring pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. In what form this pension was given we are not told by the biographers, and have not time to inquire. But it is certain that Addison did not vacate his seat in the House of Commons.

Rest of mind and body seems to have re-established his health; and he thanked God, with cheerful piety, for having set him free both from his office and from his asthma. Many years seemed to be before him, and he meditated many works, a tragedy on the death of Socrates, a translation of the Psalms, a treatise on the evidences of Christianity. Of this last performance, a part, which we could well spare, has come down to us.

But the fatal complaint soon returned, and gradu-

ally prevailed against all the resources of medicine. It is melancholy to think that the last months of such a life should have been overclouded both by domestic and by political vexations. A tradition which began early, which has been generally received, and to which we have nothing to oppose, has represented his wife as an arrogant and imperious woman. It is said that, till his health failed him, he was glad to escape from the Countess Dowager and her magnificent dining-room, blazing with the gilded devices of the House of Rich,° to some tavern where he could enjoy a laugh, a talk about Virgil and Boileau, and a bottle of claret, with the friends of his happier days. All those friends, however, were not left to him. Sir Richard Steele had been gradually estranged by various causes. He considered himself as one who, in evil times, had braved martyrdom for his political principles, and demanded, when the Whig party was triumphant, a large compensation for what he had suffered when it was militant. The Whig leaders took a very different view of his claims. They thought that he had, by his own petulance and folly, brought them as well as himself into trouble, and though they did not absolutely neglect him, doled out favors to him with a sparing hand. It was natural that he should be angry with

them, and especially angry with Addison. But what above all seems to have disturbed Sir Richard, was the elevation of Tickell, who, at thirty, was made by Addison, Under Secretary of State; while the Editor of the Tatler and Spectator, the author of the Crisis, the member for Stockbridge who had been persecuted for firm adherence to the House of Hanover, was, at near fifty, forced, after many solicitations and complaints, to content himself with a share in the patent of Drury Lane theatre. Steele himself says, in his celebrated letter to Congreve, that Addison, by his preference of Tickell, "incurred the warmest resentment of other gentlemen;" and everything seems to indicate that, of those resentful gentlemen, Steele was himself one.

While poor Sir Richard was brooding over what he considered as Addison's unkindness, a new cause of quarrel arose. The Whig party, already divided against itself, was rent by a new schism. The celebrated Bill for limiting the number of Peers had been brought in. The proud Duke of Somerset, first in rank of all the nobles whose origin permitted them to sit in Parliament, was the ostensible author of the measure. But it was supported, and, in truth, devised by the Prime Minister.

We are satisfied that the Bill was most pernicious; and we fear that the motives which induced Sunderland to frame it were not honorable to him. But we cannot deny that it was supported by many of the best and wisest men of that age. Nor was this strange. The royal prerogative had, within the memory of the generation then in the vigor of life, been so grossly abused, that it was still regarded with a jealousy which, when the peculiar situation of the House of Brunswick is considered, may perhaps be called immoderate. The particular prerogative of creating peers had, in the opinion of the Whigs, been grossly abused by Queen Anne's last Ministry; and even the Tories admitted that her Majesty, in swamping, as it has since been called, the Upper House, had done what only an extreme case could justify. The theory of the English constitution, according to many high authorities, was that three independent powers, the sovereign, the nobility, and the commons, ought constantly to act as checks on each other. If this theory were sound, it seemed to follow that to put one of these powers under the absolute control of the other two, was absurd. But if the number of peers were unlimited, it could not well be denied that the Upper House was under the absolute control of the Crown and the Com-

mons, and was indebted only to their moderation for any power which it might be suffered to retain.

Steele took part with the Opposition, Addison with the Ministers. Steele, in a paper called the Plebeian,° vehemently attacked the bill. Sunderland called for help on Addison, and Addison obeyed the call. In a paper called the Old Whig, he answered, and indeed refuted Steele's arguments. It seems to us that the premises of both the controversialists were unsound, that, on those premises, Addison reasoned well and Steele ill, and that consequently Addison brought out a false conclusion while Steele blundered upon the truth. In style, in wit, and in politeness, Addison maintained his superiority, though the Old Whig is by no means one of his happiest performances.

At first, both the anonymous opponents observed the laws of propriety. But at length Steele so far forgot himself as to throw an odious imputation on the morals of the chiefs of the administration. Addison replied with severity, but, in our opinion, with less severity than was due to so grave an offence against morality and decorum; nor did he, in his just anger, forget for a moment the laws of good taste and good breeding. One calumny which has been often repeated, and never yet contradicted, it is our duty to

expose. It is asserted in the Biographia Britannica, that Addison designated Steele as "little Dicky."° This assertion was repeated by Johnson, who had never seen the Old Whig, and was therefore excusable. It has also been repeated by Miss Aikin, who has seen the Old Whig, and for whom therefore there is less excuse. Now, it is true that the words "little Dicky" occur in the Old Whig, and that Steele's name was Richard. It is equally true that the words "little Isaac" occur in the Duenna,° and that Newton's name was Isaac. But we confidently affirm that Addison's little Dicky had no more to do with Steele, than Sheridan's little Isaac with Newton. If we apply the words "little Dicky" to Steele, we deprive a very lively and ingenious passage, not only of all its wit, but of all its meaning. Little Dicky was the nickname of Henry Norris, an actor of remarkably small stature, but of great humor, who played the usurer Gomez, then a most popular part in Dryden's Spanish Friar.[1]

[1] We will transcribe the whole paragraph. How it can ever have been misunderstood is unintelligible to us.

"But our author's chief concern is for the poor House of Commons whom he represents as naked and defenceless, when the Crown, by losing this prerogative, would be less able to protect them against the power of a House of Lords. Who forbears laughing when the Spanish Friar represents little Dicky, under the

The merited reproof which Steele had received, though softened by some kind and courteous expressions, galled him bitterly. He replied with little force and great acrimony; but no rejoinder appeared. Addison was fast hastening to his grave; and had, we may well suppose, little disposition to prosecute a quarrel with an old friend. His complaint had terminated in dropsy. He bore up long and manfully. But at length he abandoned all hope, dismissed his physicians, and calmly prepared himself to die.

His works he intrusted to the care of Tickell, and dedicated them a very few days before his death to Craggs, in a letter written with the sweet and graceful eloquence of a Saturday's Spectator. In this, his last composition, he alluded to his approaching end in words so manly, so cheerful, and so tender, that it is

person of Gomez, insulting the Colonel who was able to fright him out of his wits with a single frown? This Gomez, says he, flew upon him like a dragon, got him down, the Devil being strong in him, and gave him bastinado on bastinado, and buffet on buffet, which the poor Colonel, being prostrate, suffered with a most Christian patience. The improbability of the fact never fails to raise mirth in the audience; and one may venture to answer for a British House of Commons, if we may guess, from its conduct hitherto, that it will scarce be either so tame or so weak as our author supposes."

difficult to read them without tears. At the same time he earnestly recommended the interests of Tickell to the care of Craggs.

Within a few hours of the time at which this dedication was written, Addison sent to beg Gay,° who was then living by his wits about town, to come to Holland House. Gay went, and was received with great kindness. To his amazement his forgiveness was implored by the dying man. Poor Gay, the most good-natured and simple of mankind, could not imagine what he had to forgive. There was, however, some wrong, the remembrance of which weighed on Addison's mind, and which he declared himself anxious to repair. He was in a state of extreme exhaustion; and the parting was doubtless a friendly one on both sides. Gay supposed that some plan to serve him had been in agitation at Court, and had been frustrated by Addison's influence. Nor is this improbable. Gay had paid assiduous court to the royal family. But in the Queen's days he had been the eulogist of Bolingbroke, and was still connected with many Tories. It is not strange that Addison, while heated by conflict, should have thought himself justified in obstructing the preferment of one whom he might regard as a political enemy. Neither is it strange that, when reviewing

his whole life, and earnestly scrutinizing all his motives, he should think that he had acted an unkind and ungenerous part, in using his power against a distressed man of letters, who was as harmless and as helpless as a child.

One inference may be drawn from this anecdote. It appears that Addison, on his death-bed, called himself to a strict account, and was not at ease till he had asked pardon for an injury which it was not even suspected that he had committed, for an injury which would have caused disquiet only to a very tender conscience. Is it not then reasonable to infer that, if he had really been guilty of forming a base conspiracy against the fame and fortunes of a rival, he would have expressed some remorse for so serious a crime? But it is unnecessary to multiply arguments and evidence for the defence, when there is neither argument nor evidence for the accusation.

The last moments of Addison were perfectly serene. His interview with his son-in-law is universally known. "See," he said, "how a Christian can die." The piety of Addison was, in truth, of a singularly cheerful character. The feeling which predominates in all his devotional writings is gratitude. God was to him the all-wise and all-powerful friend who had watched over

his cradle with more than maternal tenderness; who had listened to his cries before they could form themselves into prayer; who had preserved his youth from the snares of vice; who had made his cup run over with worldly blessings; who had doubled the value of those blessings, by bestowing a thankful heart to enjoy them, and dear friends to partake them; who had rebuked the waves of the Ligurian gulf, had purified the autumnal air of the Campagna, and had restrained the avalanches of Mont Cenis. Of the Psalms, his favorite was that which represents the Ruler of all things under the endearing image of a shepherd, whose crook guides the flock safe, through gloomy and desolate glens, to meadows well watered and rich with herbage. On that goodness to which he ascribed all the happiness of his life, he relied in the hour of death with a love which casteth out fear. He died on the seventeenth of June, 1719. He had just entered on his forty-eighth year.

His body lay in state in the Jerusalem Chamber,° and was borne thence to the Abbey° at dead of night. The choir sang a funeral hymn. Bishop Atterbury, one of those Tories who had loved and honored the most accomplished of the Whigs, met the corpse, and led the procession by torchlight, round the shrine of

Saint Edward, and the graves of the Plantagenets, to the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. On the north side of that Chapel, in the vault of the House of Albemarle, the coffin of Addison lies next to the coffin of Montague. Yet a few months; and the same mourners passed again along the same aisle. The same sad anthem was again chanted. The same vault was again opened; and the coffin of Craggs was placed close to the coffin of Addison.

Many tributes were paid to the memory of Addison; but one alone is now remembered. Tickell bewailed his friend in an elegy which would do honor to the greatest name in our literature, and which unites the energy and magnificence of Dryden to the tenderness and purity of Cowper. This fine poem was prefixed to a superb edition of Addison's works, which was published, in 1721, by subscription. The names of the subscribers proved how widely his fame had been spread. That his countrymen should be eager to possess his writings, even in a costly form, is not wonderful. But it is wonderful that, though English literature was then little studied on the Continent, Spanish Grandees, Italian Prelates, Marshals of France, should be found in the list. Among the most remarkable names are those of the Queen of Sweden, of Prince

Eugene, of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the Dukes of Parma, Modena, and Guastalla, of the Doge of Genoa, of the Regent Orleans, and of Cardinal Dubois. We ought to add that this edition, though eminently beautiful, is in some important points defective; nor, indeed, do we yet possess a complete collection of Addison's writings.

It is strange that neither his opulent and noble widow, nor any of his powerful and attached friends, should have thought of placing even a simple tablet, inscribed with his name, on the walls of the Abbey. It was not till three generations had laughed and wept over his pages, that the omission was supplied by the public veneration. At length, in our own time, his image, skilfully graven, appeared in Poets' Corner. It represents him, as we can conceive him, clad in his dressing gown, and freed from his wig, stepping from his parlor at Chelsea into his trim little garden, with the account of the Everlasting Club, or the Loves of Hilpa and Shalum, just finished for the next day's Spectator, in his hand. Such a mark of national respect was due to the unsullied statesman, to the accomplished scholar, to the master of pure English eloquence, to the consummate painter of life and manners. It was due, above all, to the great satirist, who alone

knew how to use ridicule without abusing it, who, without inflicting a wound, effected a great social reform, and who reconciled wit and virtue, after a long and disastrous separation, during which wit had been led astray by profligacy, and virtue by fanaticism.

NOTES

THIS essay was published in the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1843. On June 15 Macaulay wrote to the editor as follows:

"I mistrust my own judgment of what I write so much that I shall not be at all surprised if both you and the public think my paper on Addison a failure; but I own that I am partial to it. It is now more than half finished. I have some researches to make before I proceed; but I have all the rest in my head, and shall write very rapidly. I fear that I cannot contract my matter into less than seventy pages. You will not, I think, be inclined to stint me.

"I am truly vexed to find Miss Aikin's book so very bad that it is impossible for us, with due regard to our own character, to praise it. All that I can do is to speak civilly of her writings generally, and to express regret that she should have been nodding. I have found, I will venture to say, not less than forty gross blunders as to matters of fact in the first volume. Of these I may, perhaps, point out eight or ten as courteously as the case may bear; yet it goes much against my feelings to censure any woman, even with the greatest lenity."

As far as can be judged from the sale of the separate essays, the article on Addison ranks fourth in popularity, being excelled only by the essays on Clive, Hastings, and Chatham, in the order named.

Page 1, line 2. **franchises** is used in the sense of privileges or immunities.

Page 2, line 1. **Knight**, Bradamante. For the passage referred to, see Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, XLV.

l. 3. **Balisarda** was Rogero's enchanted sword.

l. 18. **the Laputan flapper.** *Gulliver's Travels*, *Laputa*, Chapter II. In the country of Laputa the inhabitants are so absent-minded that they have to be constantly flapped on the head with a bladder in order to keep their attention aroused.

Page 3, line 5. **Raleigh**, Sir Walter, (1552–1618), the great statesman, explorer, and author, whose talents added so much to the glory of Elizabeth's reign.

l. 6. **Congreve**, William, (1670–1729), an English dramatic poet, who achieved both fame and fortune by his productions.

l. 6. **Prior**, Matthew, (1664–1721), was an English poet and diplomatist.

l. 8. **Theobald's**, the country seat of Cecil, Elizabeth's noted minister. It eventually came into possession of James I., "who made great gardens and stocked them with all kinds of trees and fruits, so that every great stranger in England must needs go to see the curious knots and mazes of flowers, and the vineries and shrubbery."

l. 8. **Steenkirks.** Lace neckcloths, very carefully adjusted, were worn commonly by men of fashion. At the battle of Steenkirk, in Holland, where William III. was defeated, when the brigade of the Bourbonnais was flying before the onset of the allies, there was no time for foppery, and the finest gentlemen of the court came spurring to the front of the line of battle with their cravats in disorder. It therefore became a fashion

among the beauties of Paris to wear around their necks kerchiefs of the finest lace studiously disarranged, and these kerchiefs were called "steenkirks."

l. 10. **Hampton Court** was built by Wolsey, and became a favorite residence of the English sovereigns. It was here that the famous conference of 1604 was held, at which it was decided to make a new translation of the Bible, which afterwards became known as the King James Version.

Page 4, line 13. **Parnell,** Thomas, (1679–1717), was a poet of Irish birth, who assisted Pope in his translation of Homer, and wrote the life of Homer which is prefixed to the *Iliad.*

l. 14. **Dr. Blair,** a Scottish divine, who was appointed Professor of Rhetoric and *Belles-lettres* in Edinburgh University. He wrote and published a series of lectures on Rhetoric which were very popular.

l. 15. **Dr. Johnson's tragedy.** The play referred to is the one which was first acted under the name of *Mahomet and Irene.* It had "no plot worth mentioning, no development of characters, no bustle or intrigue, and was totally without interest." For a brief though careful sketch of Johnson's life and writings see Edmund Gosse's *History of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century,* pp. 282–295.

l. 24. **Button's.** A noted coffee-house in London, which was much frequented by Addison and his friends.

Page 5, line 21. **Biographia Britannica** was a collection of short biographical sketches, which was published in London, 1747–1766. An enlarged edition was begun in 1778, but was carried only to the fifth volume. In the large list of books which Macaulay read while in India, in addition to all his other labors, he includes this ponderous work.

l. 23. **Queen's College**, one of the important colleges of Oxford, was founded in 1340.

Page 6, line 6. **Wild of Sussex.** This was a tract of land extending from the Straits of Dover to Beachy Head. *Wild* is from *A.-S. weald*, forest.

l. 8. **Dunkirk** is a fortified seaport town in the extreme northern part of France. It was burned by the English in 1388, and captured by them in 1651, but was sold back to the French king by Charles II. in 1662.

l. 9. **Tangier** is the chief port of Morocco, and is located on the Straits of Gibraltar. Although in summer its climate is very trying, in the winter it is exceptionally fine.

l. 11. **Infanta.** In Spain and Portugal any princess of the royal blood, except the eldest daughter when heir-apparent, is called *infanta*. Catharine of Braganza was the daughter of John IV. of Portugal and queen of Charles II. She brought Tangier and Bombay in dower.

Page 7, line 6. **Tillotson**, (1630–1694), was originally a strict Puritan, but at the Restoration he went over to the Established Church, and was given numerous honors. In 1689 he was appointed by William a member of a commission to revise the English liturgy, and in 1691 was made Archbishop of Canterbury.

l. 11. **Charter House**, (a corruption of Chartreuse), was a hospital and school in London, which was founded in 1691. The school is for the benefit of "the sons of poor gentlemen to whom the charge of education is too onerous." Among the eminent men educated there were Addison, John Wesley, George Grote, Bishop Thirlwall, and Thackeray.

Page 8, line 7. **Magdalene** (pronounced *maudlin*) **College.** See Macaulay's *History of England*, II., Ch. VII., p. 222, for a brilliant description of this college.

l. 14. **his Chancellor.** The infamous Judge Jeffries.

l. 19. **a president.** John Hough, a distinguished bishop of the English Church.

l. 16. **a Papist.** Anthony Farmer.

Page 9, line 17. **Demies.** The corporation or society of Magdalene College consisted of a president, of thirty scholars called demies, and of a train of chaplains, clerks, and choristers.

Page 10, line 12. **Lucretius,** (97–53 B.C.), was a Roman, and the greatest poet of rationalism the world has ever produced. His one great poem was the *De Rerum Natura*, which is called the greatest didactic poem ever written. Professor Wilkinson says of it:

"It was almost an exact opposite to the object of the great poem of Milton. That object was to explore eternity and vindicate the ways of God to man. This object was to explore the universe and vindicate man against the ways of gods, — gods that were no gods. The audacious sublimity, the sublime audacity of their several attempts, seem to ally the two poets in genius while separating them thus widely in aim."

Lucretius is known as the great apostle of atheism of ancient times.

l. 13. **Catullus,** Gaius Valerius, (87–54 B.C.), was a Roman lyric poet, and was chiefly noted for the grace and beauty of his style.

l. 13. **Claudian** was a Roman epic poet, and is regarded as the last of the classical Latin poets. He was born at about the end of the fourth century.

l. 13. **Prudentius,** Aurelius Clemens, (348–405), was a Roman poet, who devoted himself almost exclusively to theological studies and religious poetry.

l. 20. **Buchanan,** George, (1506–1582), was a classical scholar of great repute. He was the tutor of Mary, Queen of Scots, and afterwards preceptor of the young king, James VI., of Scotland, who succeeded to the English throne upon the death of Elizabeth.

Page 11, line 16. **Metamorphoses.** The best-known work of the great Latin poet, Publius Ovidius Naso, better known as Ovid.

l. 20. **Statius,** Publius Papinius, (45–96), was a Roman author and poet.

l. 24. For the **myth of Pentheus** see Gayley's *Classic Myths.*

Page 12, line 1. **Theocritus** was a Greek poet, who flourished in the first half of the third century B.C.

l. 1. **Euripides,** (485–406 B.C.), was the third of the great trio of Greek dramatists, the other two being Sophocles and Æschylus.

l. 10. **Ausonius,** Decimus Magnus, (310–394), and **Manilius,** Marcus, who lived during the age of Augustus, were both minor Latin poets.

l. 20. **Polybius,** (205–123 B.C.), was a noted Greek historian.

l. 20. **Livy,** (59 B.C.–17 A.D.), was the greatest of Roman historians. His life was devoted to the preparation of a history of Rome from its foundation to 9 B.C., in one hundred and forty-two books, of which only thirty-five have come down to us. While not always accurate, his narrative is fluent and vividly picturesque, and is frequently brilliant and dramatic.

l. 21. **Silius Italicus,** (25–101), wrote an epic poem in

seventeen books on the Second Punic War. It is the longest and probably the dullest of all Latin poems.

l. 22. **Plutarch**, (66–120), was a great Greek biographer. The most famous of his works is a series of *Parallel Lives*, forty-six lives in twenty-three pairs, a Greek biography being set over against a Roman.

l. 24. **Atticus**, Titus Pomponius, (109–32 B.C.), was an accomplished Roman author and historian.

Page 13, line 2. **Lucan**, (39–65), was a nephew of Seneca. Only a portion of one of his works is extant, *Pharsalia*, or *De Bello Civili*, a heroic poem of ten books treating of the civil wars between Cæsar and Pompey.

l. 5. **Pindar**, ("The Theban Eagle"), was the greatest of Greek lyric poets.

l. 5. **Callimachus** was a writer of hymns and epigrams.

l. 7. **Horace**, (65–8 B.C.), was the greatest of Roman lyric poets. His works are more widely read to-day and more generally admired than those of any other Latin poet.

l. 8. **Juvenal**, (56–140), was a Roman satirist. He wrote sixteen satires in heroic hexameters, which were full of stern indignation against the vices, follies, and crimes of Roman life. His descriptions were vivid, realistic, and oftentimes coarse.

Page 14, line 5. **Cock-Lane ghost.** In Cock-Lane, Stockwell, in 1762, certain knockings were heard, which Mr. Parsons, the owner, declared proceeded from the ghost of Mrs. Kent, who (he wished people to suppose) had been murdered by her husband. All London was agog with the story; but it was found out that the knockings were produced by a girl employed by Parsons, and were made by rapping on a board which she took into her bed.

l. 6. **Ireland's Vortigern.** William Henry Ireland, (1777–1805), was an author who was noted chiefly for his forgeries. Having made a visit to Stratford-upon-Avon he forged a lease containing the pretended signature of Shakespeare, which he said he had discovered among some old law papers. He afterwards executed other similar forgeries, among which was *Vortigern*, a tragedy purporting to have been written by Shakespeare. Besides this he wrote *Henry II.* and attributed it also to Shakespeare, but the true origin of both of these plays was soon discovered.

l. 7. **the Thundering Legion.** This name was given to a legion of Christians who served under the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius. The tradition is in brief that once while on the march they were so tormented with thirst that they prayed to God for rain. The prayer was answered by a terrific thunderstorm which not only enabled them to quench their thirst, but also destroyed a large number of the enemy.

l. 8. **Agbarus.** Eusebius states that this king was taken sick and wrote a letter to Jesus begging him to come and heal him. Christ answered by a letter, saying that he would send one of his disciples.

l. 21. **Boyle**, Charles, (1676–1731), was an author, soldier, and statesman, but was more distinguished as a soldier than as a writer. He edited and published the so-called *Epistles of Phalaris.*

l. 21. **Blackmore**, Sir Richard, (1650–1729), was a physician and a voluminous writer of theological and poetical works of little value or interest.

Page 15, line 11. **Bentley**, Richard, (1662–1742), was the greatest critic and classical scholar of his age.

l. 22. **His lines on the Barometer and the Bowling Green.** Johnson says: "Three of his Latin poems are upon subjects on which, perhaps, he would not have ventured to have written in his own language. The Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies; the Barometer; and a Bowling Green. When the matter is low and scanty, a dead language, in which nothing is mean because nothing is familiar, affords great conveniences; and by the sonorous magnificence of Roman syllables, the writer conceals penury of thought and want of novelty often from the reader and often from himself."

l. 24. **Dissertation on the Epistles of Phalaris.** Phalaris, who was proverbially the most cruel tyrant known to antiquity, was ruler of Agrigentum in Sicily in the middle of the sixth century B.C. Little is known of him historically, though his ingenious cruelty forms the subject of many fables and stories. The famous Epistles, one hundred and forty-eight in number, first printed in Venice in 1498, and afterwards often reprinted and translated, give quite another picture of his character, and were read and generally believed to be authentic until Bentley proved them spurious in what Porson styles "that immortal dissertation" to which no answer was or could be given.

Page 16, lines 18–21. These verses occur in the Battle of the Cranes and Pygmies and may be translated as follows: —

"And now into the midst of the squadrons the bold leader of the Pygmies forces his way, who, awe-inspiring in his majesty and commanding in his movements, excels all the rest with his gigantic form, and rises to the height of the elbow."

l. 25. **coffee-houses round Drury Lane theatre.** Before the introduction of newspapers, coffee-houses were important centres or sources of information where people assembled to learn the news and discuss the important questions of the day.

The following were among the most noted resorts of this period: —

Garraway's, which was located in Cornhill, was much frequented by those who were engaged in mercantile transactions. It is said that tea was sold here first in England.

The Grecian, so called after the Greek by whom it was kept, was the common resort of scholars and students.

Button's was the favorite resort of Addison and his cronies.

Jonathan's was frequented by stock-jobbers and speculators.

The October Club was a parliamentary club formed in 1690. It was named for the October ale for which it was famed.

Child's was an establishment in St. Paul's churchyard, much frequented by professional men.

St. James' was a famous Whig resort.

White's Chocolate House was noted as a resort of gamblers and sporting men. For a description of the origin and growth of the Coffee-house, see Macaulay's *England*, *I.*, Ch. III., p. 286.

Page 17, line 3. **Dryden**, (1631–1700), was an English poet and dramatist. He was appointed poet-laureate in 1668.

l. 9. **Congreve**, William, (1670–1729), was an English dramatic poet, of whom Donald Mitchell says: "Congreve was in his way an important man — immensely admired. Voltaire said he was the best comedy writer England had ever known; and when he came to London this keen-witted Frenchman (who rarely visited) went to see Mr. Congreve at his rooms in the Strand. Nothing was too good for Mr. Congreve; he had patronage and great gifts; it seemed always to be raining roses upon his head. The work he did was not great work, but it was exquisitely done."

l. 11. **Charles Montague**, Earl of Halifax, (1661–1715), was Chancellor of the Exchequer under William III. He was a

noted statesman and a patron of letters. See Macaulay's *England.*

l. 20. **Newdigate and Seatonian prizes** were prizes given at Oxford and Cambridge respectively for English verse. The Newdigate prize was not to be awarded to a poem which exceeded fifty lines in length, and the Seatonian prize was for the best English poem upon a subject "to be most conducive to the honor of the supreme Being and the recommendation of virtue."

l. 21. **The heroic couplet** was iambic pentameter, a measure which lends itself to a clear, terse, and epigrammatic style. As Macaulay says, it was mechanical, and was soon abandoned. Lowell called it "the rocking-horse measure."

Page 18, line 16. **Rochester,** John Wilmot, Earl of, (1648–1680), was a favorite at the court of Charles II., and was noted for his wit and his vices. He wrote some poems and letters which were both vulgar and licentious. Taine says of him: "His manners were those of a lawless and wretched mountebank. . . . He spent his time between gossiping with the maids of honor, broils with men of letters, the receiving of insult, and the giving of blows."

l. 17. **Marvel,** Andrew, (1621–1678), was a friend and assistant of Milton in the Latin secretaryship. He wrote political satires and some very sweet and beautiful verse.

l. 17. **Oldham,** John, (1653–1683), was a satirical poet. Hallam says of him: "His poems are spirited and pointed, and he ranks after Dryden."

l. 19. **Ben Jonson,** (1573–1637), was probably the greatest dramatist, next to Shakespeare, of the Elizabethan Age. His best-known works are *Every Man in his Humor* and *Every Man*

out of his Humor. He was made poet-laureate in 1619. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his tombstone bears the inscription, "Brave Ben Jonson."

l. 19. **Hoole,** John, (1727–1803), was an English dramatist and translator.

l. 24. **Brunel,** Sir Marc Isambard, (1769–1849), was noted as a skilful engineer and the author of a number of ingenious inventions. He invented a machine for turning out block pulleys, which are referred to in the text. He planned and constructed the first tunnel under the Thames.

Page 19, lines 4–12. This selection is taken from Jonson's *The Poetaster*, V., 1. It is a translation of the *Æneid*, IV., 178–183.

l. 16. **Tasso,** Torquato, (1544–1595), was an Italian poet and the author of the great epic poem *Gerusalemme Liberata.* The selection in the text is taken from this work, XIV., 58. It will be interesting to compare this translation with the standard one of J. H. Wiffen, in which the passage reads:

> "O thou, whoe'er thou art, whom sweet self-will,
> Or chance, or idlesse to this region guides!
> No greater wonder in design or skill
> Can the world show than that this islet hides;
> Pass o'er and see."

Page 20, line 5. **Duke,** Richard, (1655–1711), an English theologian and poet of very doubtful ability.

l. 6. **Stepney,** George, (1663–1707), Johnson says of him: "He apparently professed himself a poet, and added his name to those of other wits in the version of Juvenal; but he is a very licentious translator, and does not recompense his neglect of the author by beauties of his own. In his original poems, now and then, a happy line may, perhaps, be found and, now

and then, a short composition may give pleasure. But there is, in the whole, little either of the grace of wit or the vigor of nature."

l. 6. **Granville**, George, (1667–1735), was a statesman and a writer of some repute, but is now forgotten.

l. 6. **Walsh**, William, (1663–1709). Johnson says of him: "He is known more by his familiarity with greater men than by anything done or written by himself."

l. 23. "**After his bees.**" The subject of the Fourth Georgic is the keeping of bees.

Page 21, line 17. **Dorset**, Charles Sackville, Earl of, (1637–1706), was a noted courtier and patron of letters. Among the authors who profited by his generosity was Dryden. He wrote a number of satires and songs which were much admired.

l. 20. See *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, the most noted of the works of Samuel Johnson. It was written in a week's time to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

Page 22, line 17. **Somers**, John, (1651–1761), was one of the most noted scholars and statesmen of the times. He was the leader of the Whig party, and during the reign of William III. occupied many high official positions, and was finally appointed Lord Chancellor in 1697.

Page 23, line 25. **Charles Seymour**, Duke of Somerset, (1661–1748), and **Charles Talbot**, Duke of Shrewsbury, (1660–1718), were both noted Whig statesmen and patrons of letters. The leading statesmen of Addison's time were accustomed to extend their patronage to writers of prominence, and thus put them under obligations which they could not fail to acknowledge.

Page 24, line 1. **Prior, Matthew, (1664–1721), was an English poet and diplomatist.**

l. 4. **Both the great chiefs of the Ministry.** Somers and Montague.

l. 11. **peace of Ryswick.** A treaty of peace was signed at this place between France and the allies, Germany, England, Holland, and Spain, September 20, 1697.

Page 25, line 22. **a toast.** A lady whose health is drunk in honor or respect.

Page 26, line 1. **the Kit Cat Club** was one of the most famous clubs of this period. It dates from 1703, and was made up of about forty gentlemen of rank and ability who were interested in promoting the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover. Among its members were the Dukes of Marlborough and Devonshire, Lord Halifax, Sir Robert Walpole, Congreve, Granville, and Addison. Its name is said to be derived from a noted pastry cook, Christopher Catt, who lived near the tavern where they met in King Street, Westminster, and supplied the members with pies. The association lasted about twenty years.

l. 10. **Racine,** Jean Baptiste, (1639–1699), was one of the greatest of French dramatists. In his earlier life he gave himself up to pleasure and dissipation, but towards the end of his life his moral attitude changed completely, so that he even contemplated becoming a Carthusian monk.

l. 12. **Dacier,** André, (1651–1722), was a French scholar, librarian of the king, and translator of Plutarch. An interesting passage from one of Addison's letters in reference to this translation of Plato is found in Kemble's *State Papers and Letters*, page 237.

"As for the present state of learning there is nothing published here which has not in it an air of devotion. Dacier has been forced to prove his Plato a very good Christian before he ventures to translate him, and has so far complied with the taste of the age that his whole book is overrun with texts of scripture, and the notion of pre-existence, supposed to be stolen from two verses out of the Prophets." — Addison to Halifax, Paris, October, 1699.

Dacier was, at this time, making an effort to show a relationship between the doctrines of Athanasius, the great Alexandrian bishop, (246–273), and the systems of Plato, the greatest of the Greek philosophers, and one whose works have exerted no little influence upon Christian theology.

l. 21: **Blois** was a beautiful city one hundred and twelve miles southwest of Paris. It was once the favorite residence of the kings of France.

Page 27, line 2. **Joseph Spence**, (1699–1668), was an English author and critic.

l. 12. The **Guardian** was published in the interval between the suspension of the *Spectator* and the resumption of its publication. The first number appeared March 12, 1713, and the last was published October 1 of the same year.

l. 21. **Malbranche**, Nicolas, (1638–1715), was a French philosopher.

l. 21. **Boileau**, Nicolas, (1636–1711), was a French poet and satirist.

l. 23. **Newton**, Sir Isaac, (1642–1727), was perhaps the most illustrious of English philosophers and scientists. Sir James McIntosh says: "Shakespeare, Milton, Locke, and Newton are

four names beyond competition superior to any that the Continent can put against them." Pope wrote:

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
> God said 'Let Newton be' and all was light."

l. 24. **Hobbes**, Thomas, (1588–1679), was an English philosopher. He wrote many works, but probably the best known of them all is the *Leviathan*, published in 1651, which contains the complete system of his philosophy.

Page 28, line 6. **the Academy.** The first institution of this kind in France was founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635. It was formed for the purpose of refining the French language and style, and to that end published a dictionary of the national language in 1694. It consisted of forty members, and a place among them was eagerly sought as one of the highest honors which could be attained by an author. It was reorganized in 1795 and again in 1806 by Napoleon so as to be much more comprehensive in its scope and design, and to-day membership in the Academy is the most distinguished honor to which a French scholar or scientist can aspire.

l. 17. **Sir Joshua Reynolds**, (1723–1792), was a distinguished painter. He was the central figure in a number of literary and political clubs, and was noted as a host. He was the first president of the Royal Academy.

l. 18. **Mrs. Thrale** was celebrated in her youth as "the beautiful Miss Salisbury." Dr. Johnson was an inmate of her family from 1766 to 1781 at Southwark and at Streatham. According to Dr. Johnson: "If not the wisest woman in the world, she was undoubtedly one of the wisest." See Macaulay's *Essay on Johnson.*

l. 18. **Wieland**, Christoph Martin, (1733–1813).

l. 19. **Lessing,** Gotthold Ephraim, (1729–1781). It is said of him: "The principal characteristic of Lessing's mind was his pure and passionate love of truth. By his heroic struggle for the possession of truth he became the greatest critic of modern times, the reformer in literature, and one of the foremost liberators of the human mind not only for the eighteenth century but for all time."

l. 22. **Absalom and Ahitophel** was a political satire by Dryden.

Page 30, line 5. **Pollio,** Gaius Asinius, (76 B.C.–5 A.D.), was a Roman poet, historian, and critic who enjoyed the friendship of Vergil and Horace. He also excelled as an orator, and was sometimes ranked next to Cicero. It is difficult for a modern student to see any just grounds for his criticism of Livy's style.

l. 18. **Erasmus,** Desiderius, (1467–1536), a celebrated scholar and philosopher, was born in Holland. He established the reputation of being the most eminent scholar and witty writer of the times. He was a friend of Luther, and did much to forward the Reformation in its first stages, but he afterwards dissented from some of Luther's doctrines and was denounced by him.

l. 18. **Fracastorius,** Hieronymus, (1483–1553), was a learned physician and poet of Verona.

l. 19. **Robertson,** William, (1721–1793), was a native of Mid-Lothian, Scotland, and was noted for his advanced scholarship and as a historian.

l. 25. **alcaics of Gray.** Alcaics are lyric poems written in a peculiar measure first used by Alcæus, a Greek poet, who flourished about 600 B.C.

l. 25. **Thomas Gray**, (1716–1771), was an English poet, and is best known for his "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

l. 25. **elegiacs**: a style of verse commonly used by the Greeks and Romans in writing elegies. It consists of couplets of alternate hexameters and pentameters.

Page 31, line 1. **Vincent Bourne**, (1695–1747), was an usher in Westminster School, who was admired for his Latin poetry. Cowper, who was his pupil in Westminster, says of him, "I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in his way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him."

ll. 4–8. "Do not think, however, that I desire to criticize the Latin verses of your illustrious academicians which you have sent me. I have found them very beautiful and worthy of Vida and Sannazar, but not of Horace and of Vergil." **Vida** was a Latin poet of the Renaissance, who was noted for the smoothness of his style more than for the originality of his thought. **Sannazar** was a contemporary of Vida.

l. 12. **Père Fraguier's epigrams.** Père Fraguier, (1666–1728), was a French *savant* and writer. An epigram is a short poem of a pointed or antithetical character. The name was given by the Greeks to a poetic inscription on a public monument.

ll. 21–23. "Why do you bid me, O Muse, born of a Sicambrian father far this side of the Alps, to stammer again in Latin numbers?"

l. 25. *Machinæ Gesticulantes*, *Gerano-Pygmæomachia* were the names of two of Addison's Latin poems.

Page 32, line 17. **the Spectator** was the well-known periodical which succeeded the *Tatler*, under the joint editorship of Steele and Addison.

Page 33, line 1. **Dauphin** was the name given to the oldest son of the king of France, who was the heir apparent to the throne.

l. 3. **States-General** was an assembly composed of representatives of the nation. The national assemblies of both France and Holland were known by this name. Here the reference is to Holland.

Page 34, line 9. The stanzas of the hymn which refer to this incident are as follows:

"Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

"Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

"Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free,
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

. . . . . .

"The storm was laid; the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roared at thy command
At thy command was still.

"In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies
And humbly hope for more.

"My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee."

l. 14. **Genoa** was under the rule of France from 1380 to 1528, when Andrea Doria threw off the French domination and restored the old form of government, under hereditary rulers known as *doges*, which endured until the French Revolution.

l. 17. **Book of Gold.** The state register of nobility.

l. 24. **Lake Benacus.** The modern Lago di Garda, the largest and one of the most beautiful of the lakes of northern Italy. On account of its fine climate and the beauty of its scenery it has been a popular resort from the earliest times.

Page 35, line 13. **Tasso**, Bernardo, (1493–1569), was a noted Italian poet. Observe the anachronism.

Page 36, line 5. **San Marino** is the oldest and smallest independent republic in the world. It is situated in eastern central Italy, includes an area of thirty-two square miles, and has a population of about 8,000.

l. 18. **St. Peter's** is the celebrated basilica in Rome, and is said to be the largest church in Christendom. It was begun in 1450, and consecrated by Pope Urban VIII. in 1626. Raphael had charge of the building for some time, and Michael Angelo designed the dome.

l. 19. **the Pantheon** is the oldest and most perfectly preserved of all the ancient structures in Rome. It was built by Marcus Agrippa, 27 B.C., and was restored by Severus and Caracalla, 202 A.D. It was transformed into a Christian church in 607 A.D.

l. 20. **Holy Week** is the last week in Lent, and is sometimes known as the "Still Week."

Page 37, line 15. **Pæstum** was an ancient Roman town situated about forty miles southeast of Naples. Three very ancient Doric temples still remain in a fair state of preservation.

l. 20. **Salvator Rosa** was a celebrated Italian painter.

l. 21. **Vico**, Giovanni Battista, was an Italian jurist, philosopher and critic.

l. 25. **Posilipo.** The tunnel of Posilipo, 2200 feet in length, on the road from Naples to Pozzuoli, was built about thirty-six years before the Christian era and is still in use.

Page 38, line 2. **Capreæ** is an island at the entrance of the Bay of Naples. On it is located a famous cavern known as the Grotto of the Nymphs. The infamous Roman emperor, Tiberius, spent the last ten years of his life on this island, and built twelve villas or palaces, of which the ruins still remain.

l. 7. **Philip the Fifth**, the grandson of Louis XIV. of France, was declared heir to the Spanish throne by the will of Charles II., who died childless, Nov. 1, 1700.

l. 15. **Jacobitism.** The Jacobites were partisans of King James II., who was dethroned in 1688. They maintained a party organization, and continued to plot for the return of the Stuarts for a number of years.

l. 15. **Freeholder** was published from September 23, 1715, to June 26, 1716. Addison contributed to it many vigorous articles in support of the government.

l. 15. **The Tory fox-hunter** is a delightful picture of a partisan politician. He appears first in No. 22 of the *Freeholder*, and again in Nos. 44 and 47.

l. 23. **tomb of Misenus.** See the *Eneid*, Bk. VI.

Page 39, line 4. **hot and sickly months.** The summer in Rome is very unhealthful, especially for foreigners.

l. 20. **Duke of Shrewsbury** was Lord Chamberlain to James II., and an active promoter of the Revolution of 1689. He was Secretary of State under William III. and a member of the Privy Council in the reign of Anne. Macaulay says of him: "The character of this man is a curious study. . . . He was, with great abilities, a weak man, and, though endowed with many amiable and attractive qualities, could not be called an honest man." Macaulay's *History of England*, Vol. III., Ch. 15.

Page 40, line 8. **Museum.** Reference is probably made to the Palazzo degli Affizi, which contains a world-famous collection of statuary in marble and bronze, cameos, and pictures, among them the Venus by Titian and the Holy Family by Michael Angelo.

l. 9. **the Vatican,** the well-known palace of the Popes, was built by Pope Leo IV., about 850 A.D. It is made up of a great mass of buildings fronting on twenty different courts, and contains about eleven thousand rooms. It contains a great many celebrated wall paintings, an Etruscan Museum, a few great pictures, and the largest collection of classical statuary in Europe.

l. 13. **fiercer conflict:** The war of the Spanish Succession, which broke out in 1701.

l. 13. **Prince Eugene** was a Frenchman, but he entered the Austrian service early in his life and gained the reputation of being a brave soldier and an able general. In the war of the Spanish Succession he first commanded the Austrian army in

Italy, where he was opposed by the French army under **Marshal Catinat**, whom he surprised and took captive.

l. 15. **The faithless ruler of Savoy**: Victor Amadeus VI. In this war he first supported Louis but afterwards turned against him. His defection was rewarded at the close of the war by the acquisition of the island of Sicily and the title of king.

l. 19. **the Grand Alliance** was the second against France. It was composed of England, the Netherlands, Germany and Prussia, Austria, and Portugal.

l. 23. **Mont Cenis** is a mountain pass of the Alps between Italy and France. Napoleon built a carriage road over it in 1803–1810 to connect the two countries. It is now pierced by a tunnel which was opened in 1871.

Page 44, line 8. **Lord Treasurer Godolphin**, (1650–1713), was a noted statesman of this period. He held many high positions under James, William, and Anne, and had decided talents for public business but no political or moral principles. When chamberlain to the Queen of James II. he conformed to the Roman Catholic rites, and was Protestant, Tory, or Whig, as would best serve his interests.

l. 8. **Captain General Marlborough.** John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, (1650–1722), was one of the most noted of English generals. In the war of the Spanish Succession he held the chief command of the allied forces and won a series of extraordinary victories, among which were Malplaquet, Oudenarde, Blenheim, and many others. His daughter married Godolphin.

l. 15. **Dissenters** are English Protestants who differ in their views from the doctrines of the Established Church. In 1689,

by the Act of Toleration, they obtained legal security in celebrating their worship.

Page 45, line 17. **Mr. Canning**, (1770–1827), was a noted statesman and orator. In 1826 he was Secretary of Foreign Affairs in the cabinet of Lord Liverpool. "He advocated a liberal and progressive policy and asserted the principle of non-interference in the internal affairs of foreign states. . . . At home his influence was seen in the new strength gained by the question of Catholic Emancipation." *Green's Shorter History*, p. 838.

His policy also inaugurated the movement which brought about the repeal of the Corn Laws.

l. 19. **Earl of Nottingham** was Secretary of State under William and Mary, and also under Anne. **Earl of Jersey** was Secretary of State under William.

l. 20. **Lord Eldon**, (1751–1838), was Lord Chancellor of England from 1801 to 1827, with the exception of one year. **Lord Westmoreland**, (1759–1841), was Lord of the Privy Seal for many years.

l. 23. **Somers**, John, (1651–1716), was successively Solicitor General, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and Lord Chancellor during the reign of William III. He was also chairman of the committee which drew up the Declaration of Right.

l. 23. **Halifax**, Charles Montague, Earl of, (1661–1715).

l. 23. **Sunderland**, Robert Spencer, second Earl of, (1640–1722), was Secretary of State from 1706 to 1710.

l. 23. **Cowper**, William, (1664–1723), was leader of the Whig party in the House of Commons and was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1705.

Page 46, line 5. **Blenheim** was a small village in Bavaria. The allied armies under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, numbering about 52,000 men, attacked the French and Bavarians, who slightly outnumbered them. The victory was a decisive one.

l. 12. **Act of Settlement** was the act by which the crown was limited to the House of Hanover, and all Roman Catholics were excluded from the throne.

l. 20. **Newmarket** is the seat of the most famous race-courses in England. Godolphin is said to have possessed an inordinate fondness for racing and gambling.

Page 48, line 25. **similitude of the Angel.** The lines referred to are the following:

> " 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
> That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
> Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
> Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
> In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
> To fainting squadrons sent timely aid,
> Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
> And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
> So when an angel by divine command
> With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
> Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
> Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
> And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

Page 50, line 23. **Lifeguardsman Shaw** was a pugilist who gained considerable renown for the bravery which he displayed at the battle of Waterloo.

Page 51, line 1. **the Mamelukes** formed the ruling power in

Egypt the most of the time from 1250 to 1798. They were originally Tartars and Turks who were bought by the Sultan of Egypt from Genghis Khan and were held for a time as slaves, but they soon overthrew the dominion of their masters and formed a dynasty of their own. They considered themselves invincible in war, but were defeated and nearly exterminated by Napoleon in the battle of the Pyramids. Mourad Bey was their leader.

l. 17. The characters mentioned here should be familiar to every student. The incidents are taken from Silius's epic on the *Punic War*.

Page 52, line 4. William III. defeated James II. in the Battle of the Boyne River, in eastern Ireland, July 1, 1690.

l. 5. **John Philips**, (1676–1708), was styled by Macaulay "the poet of the English vintage." In all his poems save *Blenheim* he celebrates the virtues of tobacco. He wrote a long poem, in imitation of the Georgics, on "Cider."

l. 6. **The Splendid Shilling** was a mock-heroic poem in imitation of the verse of *Paradise Lost*. He also sought to imitate the same poem in *Blenheim*. Johnson says of this attempt:

"In *Blenheim* he imitates Milton's numbers, indeed, but imitates them very injudiciously. Deformity is easily copied; and whatever there is in Milton which the reader wishes away, all that is obsolete, peculiar or licentious is accumulated with great care by Philips."

l. 11. **Tallard** was the French marshal who commanded at Blenheim.

Page 54, line 16. **Victor Amadeus**. See note to page 40, line 15.

l. 19. **The Rutulians** were a people of ancient Italy who inhabited the coast of Latium. They were overcome by the Trojans under Eneas.

l. 22. **Empress Faustina** was the daughter of Antoninus Pius and the wife of Marcus Aurelius. She died 175 A.D.

Page 55, lines 14–16. **Dante** and **Petrarch** were world-renowned poets of Italy. **Boccaccio** was widely known as a poet and novelist. **Boiardo** and **Berni** were somewhat obscure poets. **Lorenzo de' Medici** was one of the greatest of the rulers of Florence and raised that city to a great height of power and opulence. He was the father of Pope Leo IX. and was himself a poet. He was known as "the Magnificent." **Machiavelli** was a Florentine of great ability and prominence, a contemporary of Lorenzo. He is best known as the author of *Il Principe*, which has made his name a synonym of evil in politics. See Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli.

l. 17. **Ariosto** was an Italian poet whose best-known work is *Orlando Furioso*, which has for its subject the romantic history of Charlemagne and his peers.

l. 18. **Tasso** was an Italian epic and lyric poet. **Ferrara** was the home of both Tasso and Ariosto.

l. 20. **Valerius Flaccus** was a Roman epic poet who flourished in the reign of Vespasian. He wrote *Argonautica*, which is a poem on the adventures of the Argonauts.

l. 20. **Sidonius Apollinarius**, (430–480), was a Latin poet and ecclesiastic.

l. 21. **Ticin.** The river Ticinus which gave its name to a famous battle in the Second Punic War.

l. 23. **Martial,** Marcus Valerius, (40–104 [?]), was a Roman poet and wit. About 1500 of his short poems are still extant.

l. 24. **Santa Croce** was a famous church of the Black Friars in Florence. As a favorite place of interment for the Florentines it has often been called the Westminster Abbey of that city.

Page 56, line 1. **Spectre Huntsman** is the subject of a tale in Boccaccio's *Decameron.*

l. 1. **Francesca da Rimini** lived at Rimini, and the house in which she lived still stands. For her pathetic story, see Dante's *Inferno*, Canto V.

l. 7. **Vincenzio Filicaja,** (1642–1707). The translation of one of his sonnets *L'Italia* was introduced by Byron into the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, which begins "Italia, O, Italia!" It is said of him that "he died deeply lamented by rich and poor alike and beloved by God and man."

l. 16. Macaulay brings out very strikingly in this passage Addison's devotion to classic literature and neglect of modern Italian writers. The most of the classic authors enumerated are of minor rank, while the Italian writers are world renowned.

l. 18. **Opera of Rosamond** was inscribed to the Duchess of Marlborough. The scene was laid in Woodstock Park in the reign of Henry II.

l. 25. **Rowe,** Nicholas, (1674–1718), was the author of a number of successful plays. He was made poet-laureate by George I.

Page 57, line 4. **Dr. Arne,** (1710–1770), was a celebrated musical composer. He wrote the music for Milton's *Comus*, and also for the well-known song, "Rule Britannia."

l. 19. **The order of the garter** was the most illustrious order

of English knighthood. It is supposed to have been founded by Edward III. in 1344. The incident which led to its formation is too well known to need repetition. Membership in the order is restricted to the sovereign, the Prince of Wales, and such other princes as may be chosen, and twenty-five regular knights. Others may be admitted only by special statute.

l. 20. **The Electoral Prince of Hanover,** afterwards George I. of England, was the great-grandson, on his mother's side, of James I. of England.

Page 58, line 5. **Harley,** Robert, Earl of Oxford, (1661–1724), on his first entrance into Parliament was a radical Whig, but gradually changed his views until he reached the opposite extreme of Toryism. He was for a time a great favorite of Queen Anne, and very powerful in political circles. He was, however, regarded with suspicion by her successor, George I., and was impeached of high treason, but was acquitted and afterwards lived in retirement. He accumulated a large collection of books and manuscripts, which became known as the Harleian collection.

l. 8. **Duchess of Marlborough** was an intimate friend of Queen Anne, over whom she exerted a powerful influence.

l. 9. **The Captain General.** The Duke of Marlborough.

l. 15. **Sacheverell,** Henry, D.D., (1672–1724), was a pulpit orator who denounced toleration to dissenters, attacked Low Churchmen, and declared that the Church was in danger on account of its leniency. He was impeached by the House of Commons for these utterances, and was sentenced to three years' suspension from preaching, and his offending sermons were ordered burned by the common hangman.

l. 21. **Wharton,** Thomas, (1640–1715), was a Whig statesman,

who took a prominent part in opposition to Charles II., and was one of the first to join the ranks of the Prince of Orange. He held a number of important official positions, but was notorious for his licentiousness.

Page 59, lines 16, 17. **Talbot,** Duke of Shrewsbury ; **Russell,** Duke of Bedford ; **Bentinck,** Duke of Portland.

l. 19. **Chatham,** Earl of, (William Pitt), (1708–1778), was known as the Great Commoner. He was the leader of the House of Commons, and held the positions of Secretary of State, to which Macaulay refers, and Lord Privy Seal. The student should read Macaulay's essay on Chatham.

l. 19. **Fox,** Right Honorable Charles James, (1749–1806), was a noted statesman and author. He was a Liberal leader, was twice Secretary of State, and exerted a powerful influence in shaping the policy of the government. He opposed the continental policy of Pitt, supported Wilberforce in his efforts to secure the abolition of slavery, and was always broad and progressive in his political views.

l. 25. **Censorship of the Press.** An act licensing the publication of periodicals under certain restrictions had been passed shortly after the Restoration, but had expired in 1679. Thereafter any person might print at his own risk anything he chose, except that no man had any right to print political news unless authorized by the Crown. For a time this rule was violated, but in the latter part of the reign of James II. no newspaper was allowed to be printed without his permission ; and until Steele and Addison began their publications political discussions were generally avoided. In 1693 the licensing and censorship of papers was forever abandoned. See Andrews' *History of British Journalism*, Vol. I., p. 84.

Page 60, line 8. **Conduct of the Allies** was a political tract written by Dean Swift in 1711.

l. 9. The **Freeholder** was a political periodical conducted by Addison in support of the ministry, from December 23, 1715, to June 29, 1716. It included in all fifty-five numbers. In the first number he says: "I shall, in the course of this paper, endeavor to open the eyes of my countrymen to their own interest, — to show them the privileges of an English freeholder, which they enjoy in common with myself, and to make them sensible how these blessings are secured to us by his majesty's title, his administration, and his personal character."

ll. 16, 17. **Antrim** and **Aberdeen** were counties in the extreme northern part of Ireland and Scotland respectively.

Page 61, line 3. **Walpole,** Sir Robert, (1676–1745), was Prime Minister, and practically ruled England from 1721 to 1742. For a most interesting discussion of his career, see McCarthy's *Four Georges*, Vol. I.

l. 3. **Pulteney,** William, Earl of Bath, (1682–1764), was an influential statesman and leader of the opposition party against Walpole. He was the author of many political pamphlets.

l. 10. **Grub Street,** now known as Milton Street, was long the residence of index-makers, translators, copyists, small writers, etc. Johnson says: "It was originally the name of a street near Moorfields, much inhabited by authors of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean production is called Grub Street."

l. 14. The **Craftsman** was really edited by Bolingbroke, who was assisted by Pulteney. This paper was made the medium for bitter attacks upon Walpole, and was so popular that sometimes 10,000 to 12,000 copies were sold in a single day.

l. 19. **St. John,** Henry, Viscount Bolingbroke, (1678–1751), was a prominent Tory statesman. In the latter part of Anne's reign he was Prime Minister, but became involved in schemes to secure the return of the Stuarts, for which he was attainted. He fled to France in 1715, but was permitted to return to England in 1724, but not to enter Parliament. He joined Pulteney in his opposition to Walpole, and edited the *Craftsman.*

Page 63, line 5. **Nemesis.** From the Greek word *νέμειν*, to distribute or allot; hence the divinity who allots to men, according to their deserts, either good or evil fortune. In Greece, however, this divinity came to be known as the avenger of evil deeds. She avenged pride and chastised the wicked.

l. 13. **Mary Montague,** (1690–1762), was noted for the extent of her knowledge, the brilliancy of her conversational powers, the quickness of her wit, and the attractiveness of her person. She was the author of a series of brilliant letters, some poems and essays, and is noted as being the first to introduce inoculation for smallpox into England.

l. 19. **Stella** was a Miss Esther Johnson, a lady of whom Swift became enamoured, and it is generally supposed that he was privately married to her. She was for many years his friend and companion, but never appeared publicly as his wife. The *Journal to Stella* is made up of letters which were hastily written to give pleasure to "Stella" and a few of his friends in Ireland. It is the most tender and pathetic of all his writings.

l. 21. **Steele,** Sir Richard, (1671–1724), was the friend and associate of Addison. He was a brilliant writer, and was the editor of the *Tatler,* which he established, as well as of several other publications which succeeded it.

l. 24. **Terence,** (185–159 B.C.), was a Roman slave, who evinced so much talent that his master educated and finally

freed him. He became a writer of comedies, and enjoyed the friendship of many of the best men in Rome.

Page 64, line 2. **Young**, Edward, (1684–1765), was the author of *Night Thoughts*.

l. 19. **Mr. Softly**. A character in the *Tatler*. See No. 163.

Page 65, line 7. **Covent Garden** is a corruption of *Convent Garden*, so called because it was once the garden of Westminster Abbey. It is a square in London famous for its fruit and flower markets.

Page 66, line 22. **Boswell**, James, (1740–1795), was a Scotch lawyer who achieved fame by his servile devotion to Dr. Johnson and for the biography which he wrote, and which is commonly classed as the greatest work of the kind ever produced.

l. 23. **Warburton**, William, (1698–1779), was an eminent English prelate.

l. 23. **Hurd**, Richard, D.D., (1720–1808), was the lifelong friend of Bishop Warburton, whose biographer he was. He also wrote numerous pamphlets in vindication of the views of Warburton, who was a vigorous thinker and writer upon theological subjects.

Page 67, line 5. **Budgell**, Eustace, (1685–1736), was a distant relative of Addison, and was largely dependent upon him for his support. He had some ability as a writer, and cultivated a style somewhat similar to that of his patron. He contributed a number of papers to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

l. 22. **Ambrose Phillipps**, (1675–1719). Pope portrays him as follows:

"The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown;
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year."

Page 68, line 2. **Thomas Tickell**, (1686–1740). His only well-known work is his "Elegy to Addison," of which Dr. Johnson declares that "there is not a more sublime or more eloquent funeral poem to be found in the whole compass of English literature."

l. 22. **Spunging house** was a house or tavern where people who were arrested for debt were allowed to lodge twenty-four hours before being taken to prison, in order to give their friends an opportunity for settling the debt.

Page 69, line 21. **Fielding**, Henry, (1707–1754), was one of the earliest of English novelists. His best-known works are: *The Adventures of Joseph Andrews*, *Tom Jones*, and *Amelia*.

Page 70, line 15. **Bayle**, Pierre, (1647–1706), was a celebrated French philosopher and critic. His most important work was a *Historical and Critical Dictionary*.

Page 72, line 16. **Gerard Hamilton**, (1729–1796), was known as "Single Speech Hamilton," on account of a brilliant speech which he made in Parliament in 1755, and although he retained his seat until his death he made only one more speech during his whole career.

Page 73, line 20. **Gazetteer** was a person authorized by government to publish news, and who was given some access to official sources. Some one has said that his duties were to keep the official newspaper very innocent and very insipid.

Page 75, line 1. **Bickerstaff**. "This man, (John Partridge), had for thirty years published prophetic almanacs of the kind not yet wholly extinct. Swift, under the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaff, published *Predictions for the Year 1708*, which were not vague like those of Partridge, but gave the exact dates at which various interesting persons, among others Louis XIV.,

would die during that year. Bickerstaff declared himself a sincere astrologer, bent on the exposure of such frauds as the Merlins of the day. He prophesied, incidentally, that Partridge would die on the 29th of March, at about eleven o'clock at night. As soon as the date was past Swift issued another pamphlet giving *An Account of Partridge's Death* in very pathetic terms. The poor astrologer hastened to assure the world that he was still alive, upon which Swift promptly reproved him in a *Vindication of Isaac Bickerstaff*, (1709), and in a black-letter, *Merlin's Prophecy*, Swift seems to have thrown himself body and soul into this ludicrous and fantastic controversy. . . . It raged for two years, and Partridge was reduced to despair; he lived on, however, until 1715." — EDMUND GOSSE, *History of English Literature of the Eighteenth Century*, page 151.

l. 14. The **Tatler.** The first number of this paper was issued April 12, 1709, and it continued to be published until January, 1711. In all one hundred and seventy-one numbers were issued. The division of its contents was announced by the editor as follows: "All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; Poetry under that of Well's Coffee House; Learning under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news you will have from St. James' Coffee House; and what else I shall on any other subject offer shall be dated from my own apartment."

Page 76, line 13. **Temple,** Sir William, (1628–1699), was an eminent statesman and diplomatist, and was the author of numerous essays and letters. Johnson says: "He was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose."

l. 17. **Horace Walpole,** (1717–1797), was the youngest son of Robert Walpole, and was noted for his *Letters*.

l. 24. **Menander**, (342–291 B.C.), was one of the greatest masters of Greek comedy. Although he wrote more than one hundred plays, not one has come down to us entire. Our whole knowledge of his works, therefore, rests upon fragments and quotations.

Page 77, line 1. **Butler**, Samuel, (1612–1680), was the author of *Hudibras*, a long, coarse, but witty poem in which the Puritan is held up to ridicule, which frequently passes into indecency. The general design is based upon that of *Don Quixote*. The hero is a Presbyterian Justice of the Peace who, "in the confidence of legal authority and the rage of zealous ignorance, ranges the country to repress superstition and current abuses, accompanied by an independent clerk, disputatious and obstinate, with whom he often debates, but never conquers him."

l. 3. **Sir Godfrey Kneller**, (1648–1723), was a famous German portrait painter, whose reputation seems to have exceeded his ability. He was court painter to Charles II., James II., and William. He also painted the portrait of Anne.

l. 17. **Clarendon**, Edward Hyde, Earl of, (1608–1673), was an illustrious statesman and author. He was a prominent supporter of Charles I., and was a companion of the young prince in his exile. His most important literary work was the *History of the Rebellion*. Granger says of him: "He particularly excels in characters which, if drawn with precision and elegance, are as difficult to the writers as they are agreeable to the readers of history. He is in this particular as unrivalled among the moderns as Tacitus among the ancients."

l. 21. **Cervantes**, (1547–1616), was the greatest of Spanish authors. His most famous work was *Don Quixote*, which has been translated into all the languages of Europe.

Page 78, line 9. **Voltaire**, (1694–1778), was a French poet, dramatist, historian, and philosopher.

Page 79, line 8. **Jack Pudding** was a colloquial expression denoting a coarse or vulgar person. **Cynic** was the name of a school of Greek philosophy. It has become symbolical of an ignorant and insolent self-righteousness.

l. 17. **Abbé Coyer** was a French Jesuit who devoted himself to literature.

l. 20. **Arbuthnot**, John, M.D., (1675–1734 [?]), was a noted physician and writer. Dr. Johnson, in speaking of the eminent authors who flourished in Queen Anne's reign, says: "I think Dr. Arbuthnot the first man among them. He was the most universal genius, being an excellent physician, a man of deep learning, and a man of much humour. He joined with Pope, Gray, Swift, and some others to form the Scribblers' Club, whose object it was to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity, who had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. Among the works produced by this club were: *The First Book of Martinus Scribblerus*, by Arbuthnot; *Gulliver's Travels*, by Swift; and the *Art of Linking in Poetry*, by Pope."

l. 25. The **World**, **Connoisseur**, etc., were contemporary papers of low grade which the popularity of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* called into existence.

Page 80, line 21. **Mephistopheles** was the name of a personification of the principle of evil, first appearing in the popular books and puppet shows of the middle ages. Mephistopheles is the Satanic tempter of Faust in Goethe's *Faust*, and in Marlowe's drama of the same name, both of which the student should read.

l. 22. **Puck**, an elf or sprite. See *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

l. 22. **Soame Jenyns**, (1704–1787), was a poet and wit, chiefly remembered for his *View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion.*

ll. 21, 22. **Bettesworth, Franc de Pompignan,** respectively were victims of the satire of Swift and Voltaire.

Page 82, line 8. **Jeremy Collier**, (1650–1726), was an English bishop of great celebrity. In 1698 he published a *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, which was an epoch-making book and effected a complete revolution in public opinion regarding the stage. For a powerful picture of the morals of the times, see the *Essay on Milton*, page 70.

l. 10. **Etherege,** Sir George, (1636–1690), and **Wycherley,** William, (1640-1715), were both writers of immoral and licentious dramas.

l. 17. **Hale,** Sir Matthew, (1609–1676), was an eminent lawyer and writer. Cowper says of him :

> "Immortal Hale! for deep discernment praised,
> And sound integrity, not more than famed
> For sanctity of manners undefiled."
>
> — *The Task*, Bk. III.

l. 17. **Tillotson.** See sketch in Macaulay's *Miscellaneous Essays.*

l. 20. **Vanbrugh**, Sir John, (1666-1726), was distinguished both as an architect and a dramatic writer. His plays were nearly all comedies.

Page 83, lines 8–11. These references are all to the *Tatler*, and should be looked up.

"**Tom Folio** is a broker in learning, employed to get together good editions and to stock the libraries of great men." — *Tatler*, No. 158.

"**Ned Softly**, a very pretty poet, and an admirer of easy lines." — *Tatler*, No. 163.

"**Political Upholsterer**, a great news-monger." — *Tatler*, Nos. 155 and 160.

Court of Honor. — *Tatler*, Nos. 250, 253, 256, 259, 262, and 265.

Memoirs of a Shilling. — *Tatler*, No. 249.

Frozen Words. — *Tatler*, No. 254.

Thermometer of Zeal. — *Tatler*, No. 220.

l. 14. The reference is possibly to *Tatler*, No. 257.

l. 17. **Smalridge**, George, D.D., (1663–1719), was Dean of Christ Church, and afterwards Bishop of Bristol. He was noted as an eloquent preacher.

Page 84, line 5. Macaulay largely overestimates the value of Addison's work on the *Tatler*. Unprejudiced readers will find there much from the pen of Steele which is nearly or quite as good as much of that contributed by Addison. The *Tatler* was exceedingly popular throughout the entire series, yet Addison contributed only forty-two numbers, while Steele wrote one hundred and eighty-eight, and thirty-six were written conjointly.

l. 12. By the **Act of Settlement** in 1689, Anne was recognized as the legitimate successor of William of Orange, should he outlive his wife, Mary, who was the eldest daughter of James II. Anne was the second daughter of this king. After the death of the mother of these princesses James married again,

and had a son, named James Francis Edward, who, upon the death of his father, claimed the throne as his by right. Although he had a strong following in England, his claim was not recognized, and he was compelled to live in exile at the court of the king of France, who became his champion. If the French had conquered in the war of the Spanish Succession, they would undoubtedly have attempted to seat the "Pretender" upon the English throne.

l. 20. **In 1820, and in 1831.** The agitation in behalf of Parliamentary reform.

Page 85, line 4. **Versailles** was a suburban village, eleven miles from Paris, where Louis XIV. erected a magnificent palace, which was used by the French kings as a residence until 1792. It also contained one of the finest parks in the world.

l. 5. **Marli** was located five miles north of Versailles, and contained the country house and gardens of Louis XIV.

l. 6. **St. James Palace** was a residence of the British sovereigns.

l. 15. **White staff.** The emblem of the office of Lord High Treasurer.

Page 86, line 21. **Walcheren** was a small island off the shore of the Netherlands. It is famous in military history for an expedition undertaken by the British in 1809 against Antwerp. The leaders were incompetent, necessary supplies were not provided, and the expedition failed disastrously. Over 7,000 men lost their lives on this island.

Page 88, line 11. **The Examiner.** During the election Addison contributed five numbers to this paper, which was set up in opposition to a Tory paper of the same name.

Page 90, line 5. **The Spectator** was issued daily from March 1, 1711, until December 6, 1712. It consisted of five hundred and fifty-five numbers, of which Addison wrote two hundred and seventy-four, Steele two hundred and thirty-six, Hughes nineteen, and Pope one.

Page 91, line 17. **Richardson**, Samuel, (1689–1761), was the first of the modern English novelists. He worked as a printer until he was fifty years of age. He then published *Pamela*, and later *Clarissa Harlowe* and *Sir Charles Grandison*. He has been called "the inventor of the English novel."

l. 18. **Smollett**, Tobias George, (1721–1771), was the third novelist of this epoch. Among his works are *Roderick Random* and *Humphrey Clinker*.

Page 92, line 3. **Mohawks**, or Mohocks, were a class of ruffians who at one time infested the streets of London. One of their diversions was to roll hapless passers down Snow Hill in a tub; another was to overturn coaches on rubbish heaps.

l. 5. The **Distressed Mother** was a tragedy written by Ambrose Phillipps, which was little more than a free translation of Racine's *Andromaque*. It contained an epilogue written by Addison.

l. 9. All these personages are characters in the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.

Page 93, line 10. **nabob** was originally the viceroy or governor of a province in India. Later many of the nabobs became independent monarchs.

l. 14. **Lucian**, who lived in the first century B.C., was a Greek wit, essayist, and satirist.

l. 16. **Tales of Scheherazade: the Arabian Nights.**

l. 18. **La Bruyère**, Jean de, (1645–1696), was a distinguished French writer and moralist. According to some critics he is the greatest painter of manners and morals who has ever written in French.

l. 24. **Massillon**, Jean Baptiste, (1663–1742), was a noted French pulpit orator, whose sermons are models of artistic beauty and are more largely concerned with morals and motives than with dogmas and doctrines.

Page 95, line 2. **Chevy Chace** was one of the most famous of early English ballads. It takes for its subject matter an affray between Lord Percy and the Douglas on the Scottish border.

l. 8. Upon the imposition of the **tax**, which was a duty laid upon newspapers, in the shape of a red stamp, the *Spectator* doubled its price and said, "This is the day on which many eminent writers will probably publish their last works. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that, above others, delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp and approaching peace." This act continued in force for nearly a century and a half.

Page 96, line 13. The **Guardian** began to appear March 12, 1713, and ran through one hundred and seventy-six numbers, the last appearing October 1, 1713. Steele wrote eighty-two numbers, and other contributors were Addison, Berkeley, Pope, Hughes, etc. It was during the publication of the *Guardian* that Steele and Addison became finally estranged.

Macaulay in his zeal for Addison has probably drawn the contrast far too strongly. It will be interesting to read in this connection Johnson's summary of the relations existing between these two distinguished men:

"At the school of the Chartreux, to which he (Addison) was removed, he pursued his juvenile studies under the care of Dr. Ellis, and contracted that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele which their joint labors have so effectually recorded.

"Of this memorable friendship the greater praise must be given to Steele. It is not hard to love those from whom nothing can be feared; and Addison never considered Steele as a rival; but Steele lived, as he confesses, under an habitual subjection to the predominating genius of Addison, whom he always mentioned with reverence and treated with obsequiousness.

"Addison, who knew his own dignity, could not always forbear to show it by playing a little upon his admirer; but he was in no danger of retort; his jests were endured without resistance or resentment. But the sneer of jocularity was not the worst. Steele, whose imprudence of generosity, or vanity of profusion, kept him always incurably necessitous, upon some pressing exigence, in an evil hour borrowed a hundred pounds of his friend, probably without much purpose of repayment, but Addison, who seems to have had other notions of a hundred pounds, grew impatient of delay, and reclaimed his loan by an execution. Steele felt with great sensibility the obduracy of his creditor, but with emotions of sorrow rather than of anger."

The following passage from the "Dedication of the Drummer," written by Steele, is also significant:

"All the papers marked with a C., L., I., or O., that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished by any letter in the name of the muse Clio, were given me by the gentleman of whose assistance I formerly boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of the *Tatler*. I am much more proud of his long-continued friendship than I should be of the fame of

being thought the author of any writings of which he himself is capable of producing."

Page 97, line 3. **Cato.** Tickell says: "He took up a design of writing a play upon this subject when he was at the university, and even attempted something in it then, though not a line as it now stands. The work was performed by him in his travels, and retouched in England, without any formed design of bringing it out upon the stage."

Page 98, line 1. **Macready,** William Charles, (1793–1873), was one of the last great Shakespearian actors, and was ranked as one of the most illustrious of his profession.

l. 3. **Cato, Sempronius, Juba,** and **Marcia** were all historic characters.

l. 7. **Booth,** Barton, (1681–1733), was a prominent actor, a good classical scholar, and a poet of some renown.

l. 11. **Sir Gilbert Heathcote** was a wealthy merchant and a stanch Whig.

Page 99, line 12. **Sir Gibby** refers to Heathcote.

l. 24. **Garth,** Sir Samuel, (1660–1719), was a poet and physician. He was a prominent member of the Kit Cat Club.

Page 100, line 11. **Dictator.** Marlborough was at that time suspected of an ambitious aim to obtain the post of general-in-chief for life.

l. 22. **the Act at Oxford.** In English universities an act is an exercise, such as the thesis publicly maintained, performed by a student before he receives a degree. Here reference is made to the time at which the theses were discussed and the degrees were given, corresponding, to some extent, to our Commencement season. (See *Murray's Dictionary*, under "Act.")

Page 101, line 8. **Schiller**, (1759–1805), was a German historian, dramatist, and poet. Among his greatest works are a *History of the Thirty Years' War*, *Wallenstein*, *Marie Stuart*, *William Tell*, and the *Maid of Orleans*. Next to Goethe, he ranks as Germany's greatest poet.

ll. 11–12. **Athalie**, by Racine. **Saul**, by Alfieri, an Italian poet. **Cinan**, by Corneille, a French dramatist.

l. 25. **John Dennis**, (1657–1734), was a dramatic and political writer and critic. He criticised Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, but not as severely as the *Cato*. In return Pope held him up to ridicule in the *Dunciad*. However much Macaulay may have exaggerated Pope's failings, he certainly did not possess Addison's gentle and forgiving spirit.

Page 104, line 1. **the lampoon on Atticus** was first printed in 1723, then included by Pope in his *Miscellanies* in 1727, and finally, after undergoing revision, was engrafted into the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, and published in 1735. In its first printed form it was as follows:

> "If Dennis writes and rails in furious pet,
> I'll answer D—— when I am in debt.
> If meager Gildon draws his meager quill,
> I wish the man a dinner and sit still.
> But should there one whose better stars conspire
> To form a bard and raise a genius higher,
> Blest with each talent and each art to please,
> And born to live, converse, and write with ease;
> Should such a one, resolved to reign alone,
> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
> View him with jealous, yet with scornful eyes;
> Hate him for arts that caused himself to rise,
> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And without sneer teach the rest to sneer,

Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend,
Fearing ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged;
Willing to wound, yet afraid to strike,
Just hit the fault and hesitate dislike,
Who, when two wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of both, but likes the worse the best:
Like Cato gives his little senate laws,
And sits attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not laugh if Atticus were he?"

l. 1. **Sporus.** In Pope's *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot* this name was used for Lord John Hervey, the son of the Earl of Bristol, to whom Pope made several slighting allusions in his *Miscellanies* and the *Dunciad*, for what reason is not known. In 1734 appeared the *Imitation of the First Book of Horace*, where Lord Henry was twice attacked under the sobriquet of "Lord Fanny," and his friend Lady Mary Wortley Montague was still more scandalously aspersed. The *Character of Sporus* followed soon after, and he was again attacked in a subsequent work.

l. 11. **peripetia**: the sudden disclosure of circumstances upon which the plot of the play hinges.

Page 106, line 3. The **Englishman** was a continuation of the *Guardian*. It was published through fifty-seven numbers, and was mainly political. Steele was expelled from the House on account of certain "scandalous and seditious libels" which were published in this paper.

Page 108, line 4. **Sir James Mackintosh**, (1765–1832), was one of the most distinguished of modern philosophers.

l. 20. **Lord John Russell**, (1792–1878), was an influential Whig statesman. He was prime minister from 1846 to 1852, and again from 1865 to 1866.

l. 20. **Sir Robert Peel**, (1788–1850), was one of the leading statesmen of the present century, first a Tory and then a Whig. He was prime minister from 1841 to 1846.

l. 20. **Lord Palmerston**, (1784–1865), was another prominent statesman of the Liberal party. He was prime minister from 1855 to 1858, and again from 1859 to 1865. These three men were among the most noted figures in the political world in Macaulay's time.

Page 109, line 14. **Sunderland**, Charles Spencer, third Earl of, (1674–1722), was highly honored by George I., who made him successively Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Privy Seal, and Prime Minister.

Page 110, line 17. **the Tale of a Tub** is a powerful satire on the superstitions, fanaticism, and abuses of the times. It proved a serious hindrance to its author's advancement in both religious and political circles.

Page 111, lines 12–15.

"And let us in the tumult of the fray
Avoid each other's spears, for there will be
Of Trojans and their renowned allies
Enough for me to slay whene'er a god
Shall bring them in my way.
In turn for thee
Are many Greeks to smite whomever thou and I
Canst overcome."

Iliad, VI., 226–229. Bryant's Trans.

Page 113, line 6. **the Board of Trade** in England is a branch of the government which deals with commerce and statistics.

l. 17. **the Rebellion** was a rising of the Jacobites, under the leadership of the Earl of Mar, who was defeated and the insurrection was put down by the Duke of Argyle.

l. 18. The **Freeholder** was first issued in 1715, and continued through fifty-five numbers to June, 1716. This paper was devoted almost exclusively to the discussion of political questions.

Page 115, line 2. **Town Talk** ran from December 17, 1714, to February 13, 1716. The **Reader** appeared in 1714, but only nine numbers were issued. The **Letter to a Bailiff** was published in 1713, and the **Crisis** in 1714. It is hardly necessary to call attention to Macaulay's spirit of partisanship as displayed in this sentence.

l. 19. **Rosicrucians** were a secret society reported to have been founded in the fourteenth century by Christian Rosenkreuz, who had resided for many years among Arabian and Egyptian magicians. Wonderful stories are told about the magical deeds wrought by the Rosicrucians and the strange spirits who did their bidding, some of whom are named in the text. It seems to be quite certain, however, that no such society ever existed and that the whole story was simply a satire.

Page 116, line 23. **Akenside**, Mark, (1721–1770), was a physician and poet. Bucke says of the poem referred to, "he has united the grace of Vergil, the colouring of Milton, the incidental expression of Shakespeare, to paint the finest features of the human mind and the most lovely forms of morality and religion."

Page 117, line 10. **Herder**, Johann Gottfried, (1744–1803), was one of the founders of modern German literature. He was Goethe's friend and teacher.

l. 10. **Goethe**, Johann Wolfgang, (1749–1832), was the greatest of German poets and authors. Among his works are: *Wilhelm Meister*, *Faust*, *Hermann and Dorothea*, and *Tasso*.

l. 11. **Hume**, David, (1711–1776), was the most noted of modern skeptical philosophers, and a distinguished essayist and historian.

Page 122, lines 1–2. The **Satirist** and the **Age** were low-lived publications of that day.

l. 13. In an epistle to the Earl of Burlington, published in 1731, and entitled, *Of the Use of Riches*, he gave a description of Simon's Villa, designed to illustrate the false taste of magnificence, in which he was accused of attacking a benefactor by ridiculing the house, grounds, and ostentatious hospitality of the Duke of Chandos.

l. 15. **Aaron Hill** was a dramatic writer of some celebrity, though without much merit. In the treatise on *Bathos* Pope classed him with the geniuses called "Flying Fishes, who now and then rise on their fins and fly out of the profound: but their wings are soon dry and they drop down to the bottom."

l. 17. **Lady Mary Wortley Montague** was sarcastically alluded to in the *Dunciad*, Bk. II., l. 135.

Page 123, line 8. **gross perfidy to Bolingbroke**. Pope is accused of a serious breach of trust in this case, in printing certain letters of Bolingbroke's.

Page 124, line 12. **Earl of Warwick** was the son of the Countess of Warwick, whom Addison afterwards married.

Page 125, line 18. **Sir Peter Teazle** and **Joseph Surface** are characters in Sheridan's *School for Scandal.*

Page 126, line 24. **The Countess Dowager** was the head of the house which was descended from the famous Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, who made and deposed kings during the Wars of the Roses. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Middleton.

Page 127, line 2. **Holland House** is a picturesque Elizabethan mansion near London. It was built in 1607 and descended to Henry Rich, first Earl of Holland, for whom it was named. For nearly two centuries and a half it was the favorite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen.

l. 4. **Nell Gwynn** was an actress, born in London about 1650. She was a favorite of Charles II.

Page 128, line 6. **Lycidas.** The reference is to Milton's memorial poem, which was written upon the death of his friend, Edward King, who was drowned in St. George's Channel, in 1637.

l. 16. **William Somerville,** (1667–1742), made his literary reputation by a long poem entitled *The Chase.*

Page 130, line 9. **Joseph Hume,** (1777–1855), was a political reformer, who, as a member of Parliament, sought to check unnecessary expenditures, and to secure the passage of measures favorable to the working classes.

Page 131, line 11. **House of Rich.** Holland House was so called because the family name of its founder was Rich. Many anecdotes are on record relating to Addison's tavern resorts when Holland House was rendered disagreeable by the haughty

caprices of his aristocratic bride. When he had suffered any vexation from her he would propose to withdraw the club from Button's, who had been a servant in the countess's family.

Page 134, line 4. **The Plebeian.** l. 12. **The Old Whig.** In 1718 a bill was introduced into Parliament proposing to fix the number of peers, and restraining the king from any new creation of nobility. This bill was the cause of much acrimonious discussion, in the course of which Steele attacked it bitterly in a pamphlet called *The Plebeian*, which was answered in a pamphlet called the *Old Whig*, by Addison. Steele replied in a second *Plebeian*, which was followed by another *Old Whig*. In all there were four issues of the former and two of the latter.

Page 135, line 2. **"Little Dicky."** This matter is referred to by Macaulay in a letter written to the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, July 22, 1843, as follows:

"I hear generally favorable opinions about my article. I am much pleased with one thing: You may remember how confidently I asserted that 'little Dicky' in the *Old Whig* was the nickname of some comic actor. Several people thought I risked too much in assuming this so strongly on mere internal evidence. I have now, by an odd accident, found out who the actor was. An old prompter in Drury Lane Theatre, named Chetwood, published, in 1749, a small volume containing an account of all the famous performers whom he remembers, arranged in alphabetical order. This little volume I picked up yesterday, for a sixpence, at a bookstore in Holborn, and the first name on which I opened was that of Henry Norris, a favorite comedian, who was nicknamed 'Dicky,' because he first obtained celebrity by acting the part of 'Dicky' in the *Trip to the Jubilee*. . . . I am a little vain of my sagacity, which I really think would have dubbed me a '*vir clarissimus*' if it had been shown in a point

of Greek or Latin learning; but I am still more pleased that the vindication of Addison from an unjust charge, which has been universally believed since the publication of the *Lives of the Poets*, should thus be complete. Should you have any objection to inserting a short note at the end of the next number? Ten lines would suffice, and the matter is really interesting to all lovers of literary history."

The note was inserted in the *Edinburgh Review*, Vol. CLVIII., Ch. VIII., 550, as follows:

"In our review of Miss Aiken's *Life of Addison* we remarked that the 'little Dicky' mentioned in the *Old Whig* could not possibly be Sir Richard Steele. We expressed our opinion that, in all probability, 'little Dicky' was the nickname of some comic actor who played the part of Gomez in Dryden's *Spanish Friar*.

"We have since ascertained that our conjecture was correct. The performer to whom Addison alluded was Henry Norris, a man of remarkably small stature, but of great native humour, whose strength lay in such characters as that of Gomez. Norris had greatly distinguished himself by his ludicrous performance of the part of Dicky, the serving man, in *Farquhar's Trip to the Jubilee*, and had thus earned the nickname of 'little Dicky.' He was at the height of his popularity in the year 1719, when the *Old Whig* appeared. An account of him will be found in the *General History of the Stage*, published about a century ago by one Chetwood, who had been, during twenty years, prompter at Drury Lane Theatre."

l. 10. The **Duenna** was a play written by Sheridan and first produced in 1775.

Page 137, line 5. **Gay**, John, (1688–1732), was a poet and

play-writer. He had considerable merit as a poet, but as a man was indolent and irresolute, though amiable.

Page 139, line 20. **Jerusalem Chamber** was an apartment in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, where Henry IV. is said to have been buried. It derived its name from the fact that it was hung with tapestries representing the history of Jerusalem.

l. 21. **the Abbey.** Westminster Abbey, as it now exists, was rebuilt on the site of an older abbey, built by Edward the Confessor in 1245, by Henry III. It is shaped like a cross and contains, besides nave, choir, and transepts, twelve chapels, of which ten are nearly filled with monumental tombs. Seventeen English kings and ten queens lie within the Abbey amid statesmen, poets, divines, scholars, and artists. Dean Stanley says: "The Abbey of Westminster owes its traditions and its present name, revered in the bosoms of the people of England, to the fact that the early English kings were interred within its walls and that through its associations the Norman rulers learnt to forget their foreign paternity and to unite in fellowship and affection with their Saxon fellow-citizens. There is no other church in the world, except, perhaps, the Kremlin in Moscow, with which royalty is so intimately associated."

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